Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Esmé Collings*

Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli,

No. 9.—Vol. I.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

Wednesday, February 3, 1904

Finance is usually dull, and during the progress of the trial of the late Mr. Whitaker Wright, the reading of evidence which dealt with columns of figures and directors' reports was sufficiently solid for the most rampant financier's digestion. Yet the trial was destined to have a dramatic ending. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and we do not propose to emulate the example of many of our contemporaries, who have enjoyed themselves of late by defaming the memory of the dead man. Enough for us that justice has been done. Never again, we hope, will a Minister of the Crown declare in tones of righteous indignation, that it is impossible to prosecute anyone for falsifying a balance-sheet, and since our financial probity has to an extent been retrieved, we can afford to let the Whitaker Wright case, with its many sordid motives, sink into well-deserved oblivion.

A very amusing controversy has been raging of late respecting a class of individuals who are supposed to exist for the purpose o "devilling" for well-known writers; these are named, appropriately enough, "literary ghosts." There is nothing improbable in the contention that a class of literary persons, whose names command no market value, should find it more profitable to retail the offspring of their fertile imaginations to authors whose inventive qualities for plot-manufacturing have become sterile; indeed, a moment's reflection will tend to show that the thing is most likely.

Those writers who, day in and day out, are for ever writing short stories or articles, cannot, in all instances, possibly get through the work attributed to them. Even an author who has hit the public fancy is but human, and there are consequently limits to his fertility. At the same time, orders reach him for more work, and he naturally has no wish to throw good money away. He turns, then, with a sigh of relief to his literary ghost, obtains fresh material from him, and after enriching it with a few samples of his own inimitable style, produces it for the edification of an admiring world

For our part we consider the custom, if it exist—about which we offer no opinion, except that there seems to be no valid reason why it should not—not only as permissible, but as positively meritorious. There is nothing more distressing than to wade through the effusions of a writer who once could compel our admiration, and even reach so high a point in our affections that dinner was hurriedly finished in order that we might complete the reading of his latest fascinating romance, than to find that same writer now utterly bare of ideas and, in spite of the old style and mannerisms, terribly dull and stupid. The literary ghost obviates these distressing symptoms, and we can therefore cordially recommend his services to many distinguished men and women whose names are household words.

And there is another feature of this custom—if custom it be—which is, that calling in the aid of a literary ghost is satisfactory to all and sundry. The editor wants a name, and he gets it. The public want a good story, and they also get it. They also derive far more pleasure from reading a story over the signature of some celebrated author, than they would were the identical story to be published with the name of a nonentity. It costs no one any more except the proprietors of the paper, who reap their harvest from the increased sales, while it all assists to circulate money, which, as financiers will tell us, is for the prosperity of the nation at large. Everyone, therefore, is satisfied. So long as the reading public want names, the literary ghost should be, if he is not, a necessary personage, and we wish him all luck.

Several of our readers have written to ask us whether we will include, in the coloured supplement presented each week in THE BYSTANDER, some sporting pictures. It affords us great pleasure to be able to state, therefore, that, very shortly, we shall present a series of four very remarkable sporting prints in colours. Other supplements, equally as attractive, will be presented to our readers in due course. From the many cordial letters which reach this office, it is pleasant to be assured that we find favour in the eyes of our readers, and when to this is added the no less gratifying figures of our publisher to further support these assurances, our grounds for satisfaction are even more solid.

THE BYSTANDER is steadily, week by week, gaining in popular favour. Each number has been recognised as being stronger than its predecessor, and we may perhaps be pardoned some little vanity if we declare, that nowhere else has an attempt been made to approach, in a weekly journal—even to a remote degree— the quantity and quality we make a point of producing each week. Yet THE BYSTANDER, untrue in a sense perhaps to its name, does not intend to stand by. We have several new features, which, before long, will be introduced, while the work of very many celebrated authors (who, whether they employ literary ghosts or not, have undoubtedly written us excellent stories) will appear in our columns very shortly.

The support of our many readers enables us to deal generously with them in return. After all, if only newspaper proprietors would recognise the fact, the way to make a newspaper succeed is, not by burying treasure or scattering gold from the skies, but by honestly endeavouring to give their readers full value for their money.

PEOPLE of INTEREST

A Coming Wedding

A great many Yorkshire folk will make a point of being in town on the 16th, to be present at the wedding of Sir Powlett Milbank's second daughter and Mr. Murrough Wilson, of Cliffe, Darlington. Two well-known baronets share the name of Milbank between them, but the *V C* spells his name with an "e" at the end of it. Sir Powlett, who is Lord Lieutenant of Radnorshire, has two delightful places in the North, Norton Manor and Barningham Park. His eldest daughter, Aline, is married to Captain Forester. The coming marriage is to be celebrated at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and should be a very pretty, cheery function, as both bride and groom have many town friends.

The Countess Amherst

The Countess Amherst is one of the great Kent hostesses, for she and Lord Amherst are owners of beautiful Montreal, near Sevenoaks. They are both devoted to the country and to country pursuits, and are very little in town. Both Lord and Lady Amherst are workers in the sacred cause of charity, the former being a Knight of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Photo by *Thomson*

Mr. Murrough Wilson and Miss Sybil Milbank, who are to be Married on February 16

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

An Irish Peeress

Lady Wallscourt is one of the beautiful Irish peeresses whose marriages took place during the last decade of the nineteenth century. She was a Miss Palliser, the daughter of one of the Empire's most distinguished Civil servants, and, in his later days, popular M.P.'s., who in 1863 invented the shot that bears his name, and also a system of strengthening cast-iron ordnance by the insertion of a steel tube. Lady Wallscourt and her sister both have, curiously enough, the Irish style of beauty, though they are English by birth. Since her marriage, which took place eight years ago, Lady Wallscourt has divided her time between London, where she and Lord Wallscourt have a charming flat in Westminster, and Ardfry, in County Galway, the ancestral home of the Blake family. Occasionally they spend the Dublin season in Ireland, Lord Wallscourt having twice held official positions at the Viceregal Court. Lady Wallscourt, like another fair Irish peeress, the Countess Annesley, has several step-children.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Wallscourt

A Lady Farmer

Pony farming has long been the favourite and the profitable hobby of the Marquis of Linlithgow's two clever sisters, the Ladies Estella and Dorothea Hope. The beautiful Scottish place where these two lady farmers were brought up is celebrated for its wonderful breed of miniature horses, and, accordingly, the Ladies Hope have been interested in ponies from childhood upward. The two sisters, who are fond of every form of country work and amusement, possess a delightful place, Great Hollenden Farm, near Sevenoaks, and there they have proved singularly successful in making their pets pay as well as please them. Both the fair owners of the pony farm are fine whips, and the charming little turnout they drive looks as though it had stepped bodily out of a fairy tale. Many of the fortunate and fine little animals bred at Great Hollenden are descended from the famous Shetland herd which belonged to Lord Londonderry, and at all the leading shows they come out triumphant prizewinners.

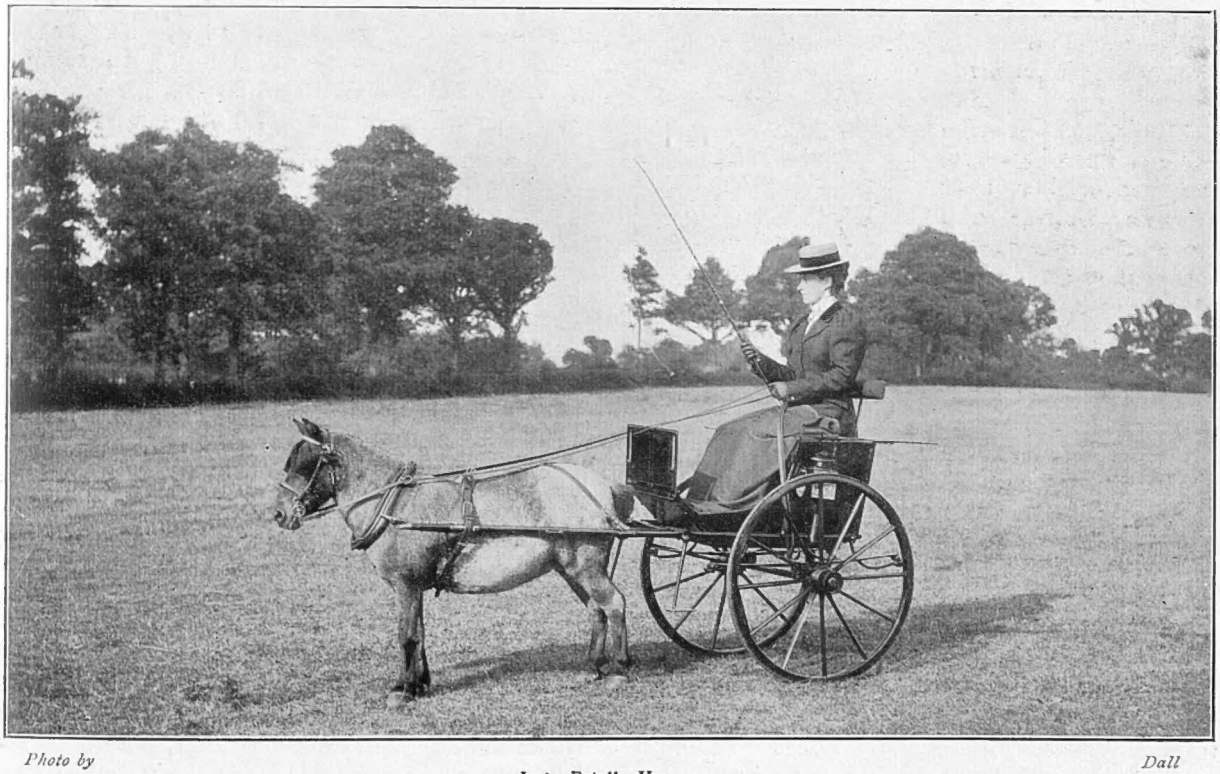


Photo by *Dall*

Lady Estella Hope

Madame Deschanel

During many years M. Paul Deschanel, who has just suffered the loss of his father, the eminent Senator and Professor, was regarded as almost certain future President of France, but, unfortunately for himself, the young statesman happened to be on terms of personal friendship with the too-famous M. and Mme. Humbert, and, though it is impossible for anyone to accuse him in any way of having been mixed up with their strange business affairs, the fact that he knew them, and that he sometimes stayed with them in the country, has certainly injured his chances. Fortunately for M. Deschanel, he has for a wife a particularly charming and cultivated woman, belonging to the great Paris world. They are devoted to one another, and everyone is agreed that Madame Deschanel would make an admirable feminine head of the State were fortune to call on her husband to assume Presidential functions.

The death of M. Emile Deschanel recalls the sensational attack made upon him some three years ago by a Russian lady student. The professor was only saved by the devotion of another lady student, the friend of his assailant, who received the bullet intended for M. Deschanel, subsequently dying from the wound.

A Twentieth Century Belle

Miss Horner, whom many of those present at the wedding of Lady Marjorie Greville and Lord Helmsley considered the most beautiful of all the fourteen bridesmaids, has the distinction, absolutely unique in these days, of being descended from one of the heroes of a British nursery rhyme. The happy little lad who, according to tradition, "pulled out a plum," was the progenitor of the Horner family, now settled for so long at Mells, the delightful old-world country house where Mr. and Mrs. Horner so often entertain large parties of political and literary friends. When in town Mrs. Horner is often an interested spectator and listener in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, and of late her two daughters have often accompanied her to that gloomy spot. In these days the modern girl is allowed to lead a far fuller and more varied life than was formerly the case; great statesmen treat her as an intelligent being; and in the world that circles round about St. Stephen's Miss Horner has the reputation of being as clever as she is beautiful.

Photo by *Otto*

Madame Deschanel,
Daughter-in-law of the late M. Emile Deschanel, the well-known French Senator and Professor

A Prominent Political Hostess

The shifting of the political cards has brought quite a number of great ladies into the Free Trade camp. At the head of them, of course, stands the Duchess of Devonshire; but, among those who may be called old Liberal hostesses, it may be doubted if any leader of the smart set can compare with Mrs. Asquith, who, even as Miss Margot Tennant, had gained an extraordinary reputation for brilliancy, wit, and political insight. It may be doubted if any Englishwoman or Scotswoman of her generation has had a more delightful life, its only cloud being caused by losing a beloved sister, the first wife of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. As a girl she was the pet and trusted friend of more than one great man, including Mr. Gladstone, who was much attached to her, and the late Master of Balliol, who wrote her a characteristic letter at the time when all the world was whispering that she had sat, all unwittingly, for Mr. Benson's quaintly fascinating "Dodo." Mrs. Asquith had a French grandmother, and this, doubtless, has something to do with her versatility and inexhaustible vitality, for she is one of those women who never seem tired, and who are interested in everything and everybody. At the time of her marriage to Mr. Asquith the latter was Home Secretary, so Mrs. Asquith's interest in politics is naturally very keen. She is said to be most ambitious for her husband, whom she confidently expects to see one day Prime Minister. She does her best to help him in every way in her power, and his supporters and friends find a very kindly welcome, both in her pretty, old-world London house, and, during the summer months, in Scotland. Mrs. Asquith has also proved a very kind step-mother to her husband's elder children, and she is wholly wrapped up in her one little daughter, Elizabeth, who is said to be quite an infant prodigy, knowing three languages, and being able to recite poetry in each.

Photo by *Beresford*

Miss Cecily Horner

Mr. Akers-Douglas

"Colonel" Lynch's release has shed a beam of unwonted publicity on Mr. Akers-Douglas in his quiet conduct of affairs at the Home Office, which he has filled since the late Lord Salisbury's retirement in 1902. He has acted as Conservative Whip in his day, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, and as First Commissioner of Works. It is thought a good plan to appoint a lawyer to the Home Office, and Mr. Akers-Douglas is one to the extent of having been "called." He sits for the St. Augustine's Division of Kent, has a place near Maidstone, is fifty-two, and rejoices in the singular Christian name of Aretas.

Mr. Brodrick's Mother-in-Law

Lady Jeune has many other claims to fame, in addition to that of being mother-in-law of the Secretary of State for India; for, in these days, when elderly pessimists declare that there is no such thing as a *salon*, the wife of the popular President of the Divorce Court can point to having organised such a social institution and been successful. Every famous man or woman has found, or will certainly find, his or her way to the hospitable house in Harley Street, where for many years Sir Francis and Lady Jeune have dispensed wide hospitality. The daughter of one of the most ancient Scottish houses—for she was, before her marriage, Miss Stuart Mackenzie of Seaforth—Lady Jeune married, some thirty-three years ago, the Hon. John Stanley, one of the brothers of the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, by whom she had two daughters, who are now Mrs. St. John Brodrick and Mrs. Allhusen. Left a widow early in the seventies, she married, early in the eighties, Mr. Francis Jeune, the son of a popular and well-known Victorian bishop. When not in town, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune live at Arlington Manor, a quaint, old-world house in Berkshire, where, when Sir Francis's health permits of it, but of late he has been far from well, they give amusing house-parties. Lady Jeune is intensely Scottish in feeling, and is never happier than when spending a short holiday north of the Tweed.

Mr. W. J. Bull

One of the busiest men in Parliament is Mr. W. J. Bull, who sits for Hammersmith. He has many active business interests, yet he has found time to be one of the most energetic members of the London County Council, on which, for nine years, he worked hard on several committees; to enter Parliament (in 1900) and there again do excellent committee work; and finally to get married last year. He is, at the age of forty, Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Walter Long, and one of the heads of the Royal Humane Society. To his efforts on the London County Council, by the way, London owes the statue of Boadicea at Westminster Bridge.

Liberals and the New Session

Liberal leaders, of course, will be coming back in high fettle to a Parliamentary situation which they

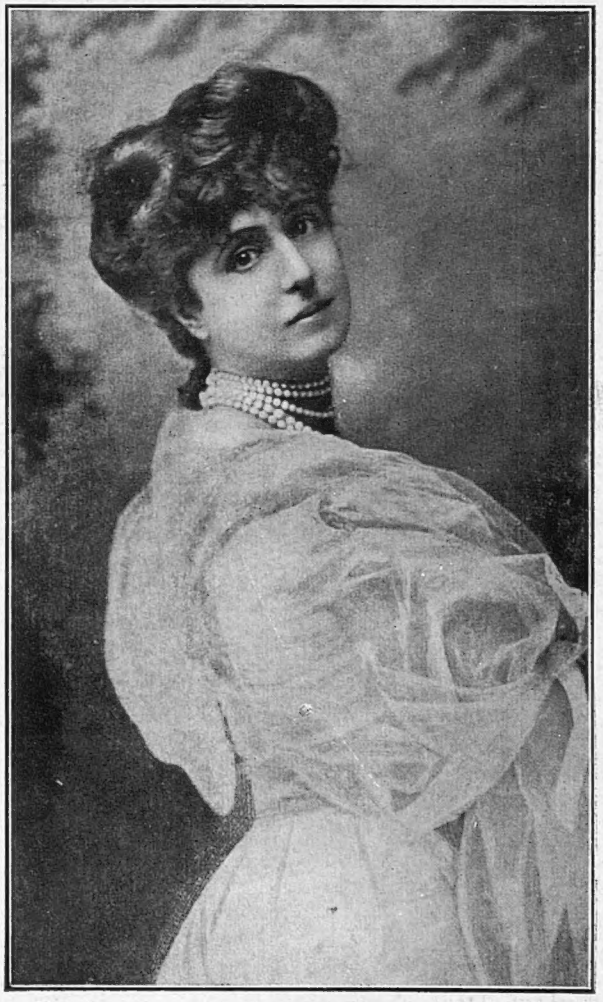


Photo by *Esmé Collings*

The Countess Amherst

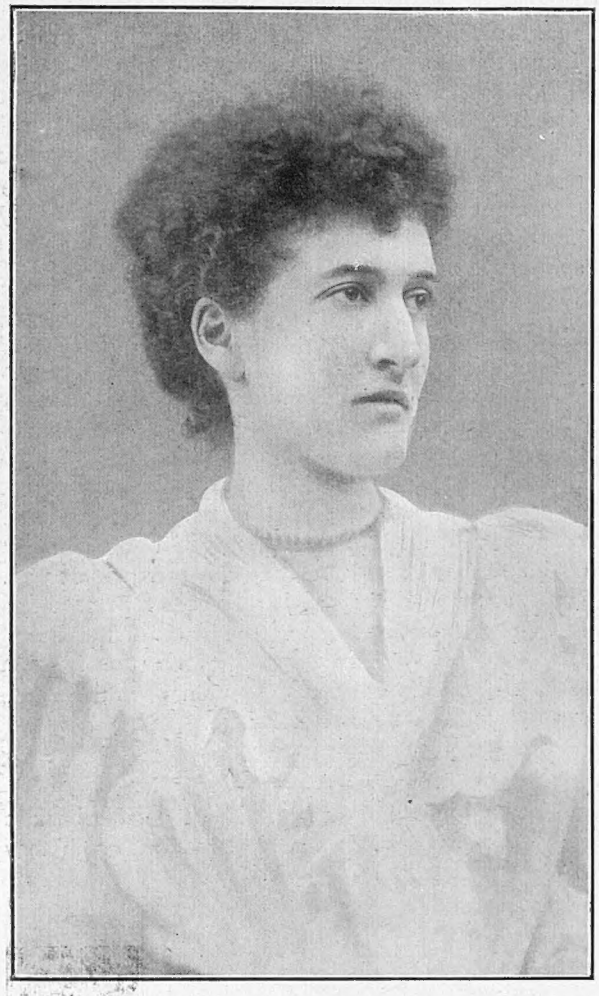


Photo by *Cameron*

Mrs. Asquith

regard as highly promising. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is in excellent spirits, and will doubtless be unusually full of those "Scotch jokes" with which Mr. Tim Healy accused him of governing Ireland at the time of Sir Henry's short term at Dublin Castle. Mr. Morley, who has the moving of the principal Opposition Amendment to the Address—fiscal, of course—returns to the benches from the herculean task admirably accomplished in his "Life of Gladstone," and with the rare honour, conferred on no English statesman since it was given to Brougham, of the freedom of Arbroath. His return with free hands is a great event for the House of Commons. The son of the great subject of Mr. Morley's recent labours, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the most popular of Liberal Whips, is returning to the House of Commons with high hopes, scenting game a-foot that will give more congenial sport even than his favourite golf. As for Mr. John Redmond, the situation teems with possibilities for him and his, and he may fairly anticipate times almost as stirring as that in which he performed the as yet unparalleled feat of taking his seat for the first time, making his maiden speech, and being "suspended," all in the course of a single evening.

The Earl of Donoughmore

One of the surprises of the last Government reconstruction was the appointment of the young Earl of Donoughmore, who is only twenty-eight, to the post of Under-Secretary for War. But the assiduity with which he had applied himself to work as private secretary to Sir Henry Blake, at Hong Kong—a position he took on leaving Oxford, in 1898, and in the minor political labours to which he turned on succeeding to the title in 1900—marked him out for promotion when the day of the young men dawned last year. He is one of the peers who have brought home American brides. This happened in 1901, when the daughter of Mr. M. P. Grace, of New York, had no suspicion at all that she would be a Minister's wife within two years. As Lord Suirdale, the young earl-to-be was vastly popular at the University, where he read history, assisted in maintaining the New College tone, and cultivated the Union to some success. He also sang a good song, and the first time he was ever caricatured in a public print (a 'Varsity weekly) he was shown singing it.

Dr. Clifford

We cannot all of us follow that enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Clifford, who said that there had been three great baptists all named John: John the Baptist, John Bunyan, and John Clifford. But we can all, perhaps, whatever our opinions, honour a man who has raised himself from the position of a factory boy to be the foremost leader of the great Nonconformist community in our country. Since first he threw himself into the controversy on the Government's education policy, that has certainly been the position of the pastor of the Westbourne Park Baptist Church, where he has ministered for forty-five years. Politically he commands more power, perhaps, than any other man opposed to the Conservative Government.

Photo by *Thomson*

Lady Jeune

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Right Hon. A. Akers-Douglas, M.P.
Home Secretary

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Earl of Donoughmore
Lately appointed Under-Secretary for War

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. W. J. Bull, M.P.
Who was lately married to Miss Lilian Brandon

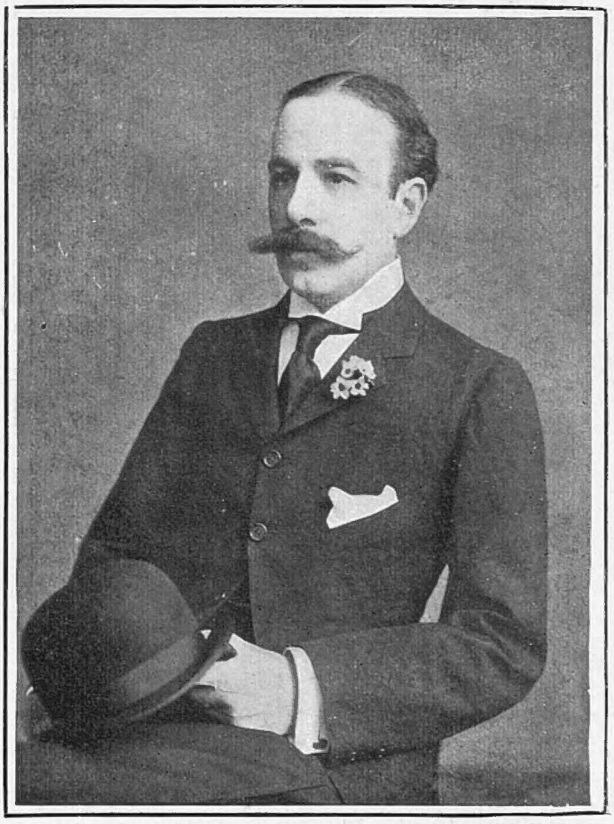
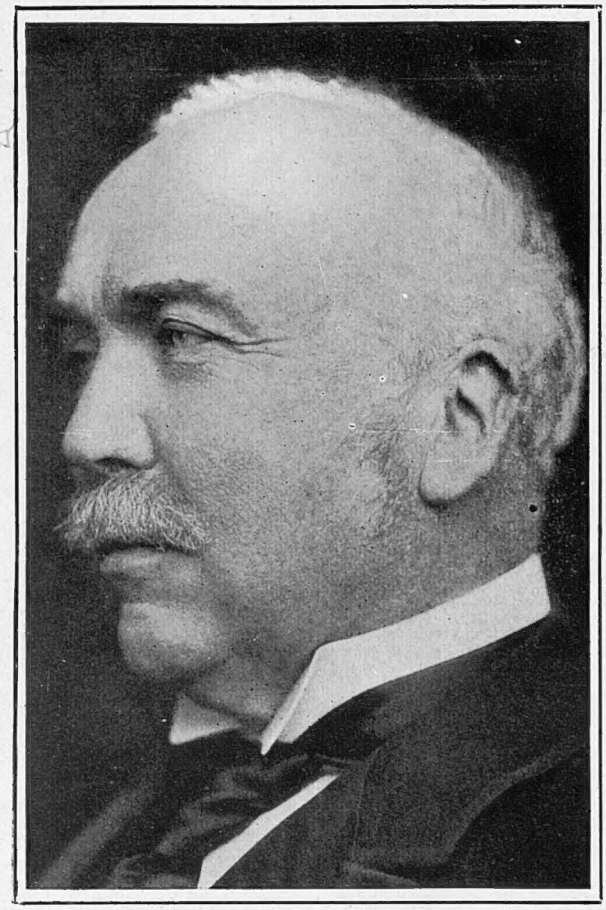


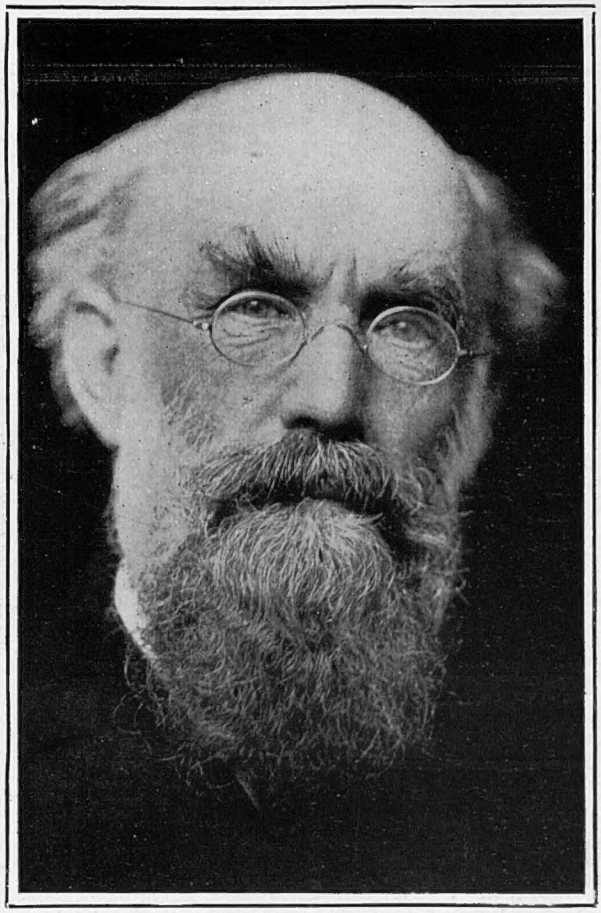
Photo by *Starling*

Mr. Coningsby Disraeli
Member for the Altrincham Division of Cheshire

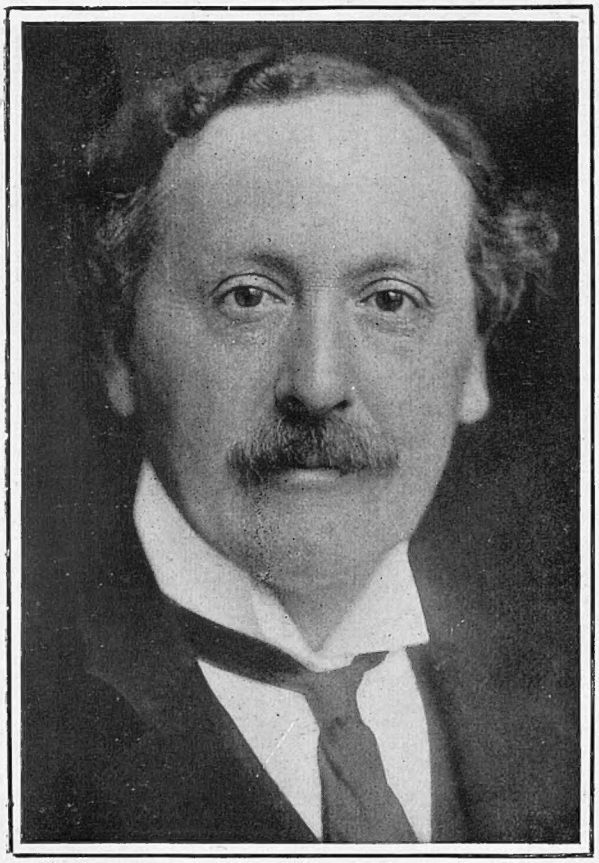
MEN OF THE HOUR AMONG THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY



Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman
Leader of the Liberal Party in the House

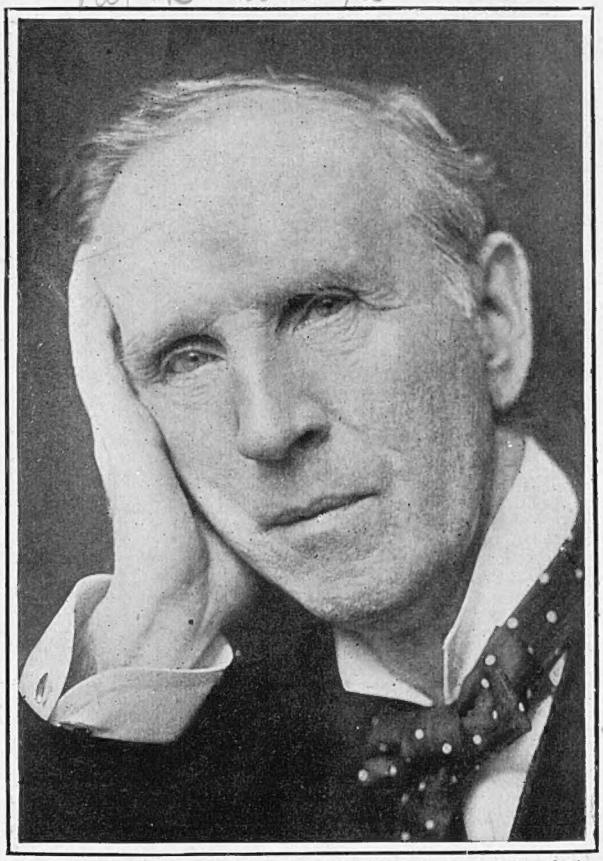


Dr. John Clifford, M.A.,B.Sc.
The most influential opponent of the Government outside the House



Photos by

Right Hon. Herbert John Gladstone
Chief Opposition Whip



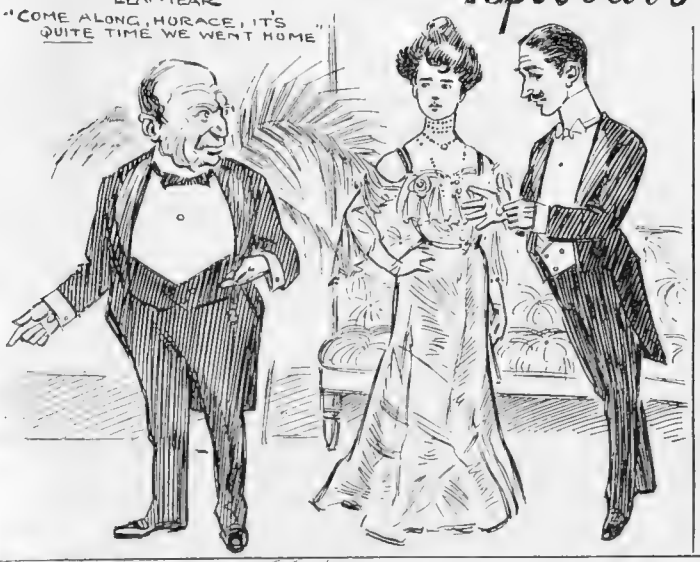
Beresford

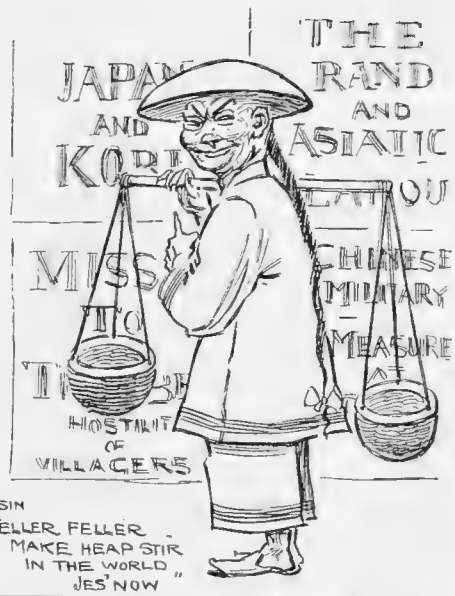
Right Hon. John Morley
Who is to move the principal Opposition Amendment to the Address

FOUR CHAMPIONS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

The Topictator

IT IS STATED THAT YOUNG MEN WILL BE CHAPERONED THIS LEAP-YEAR





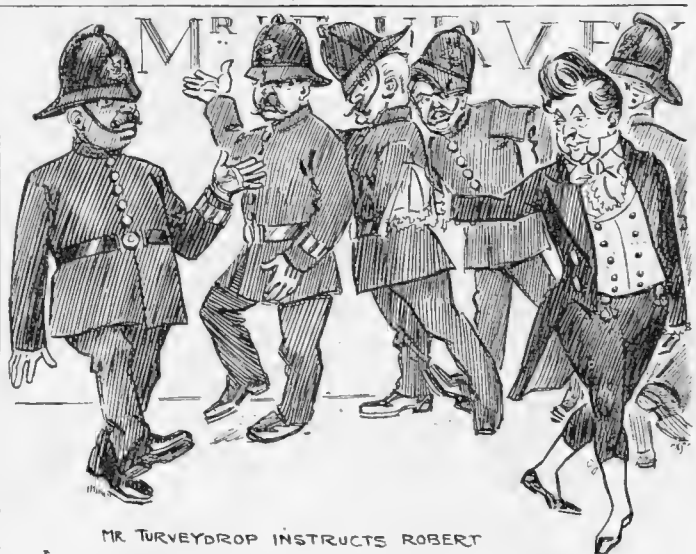
AH SIN
"YELLER FELLER MAKE HEAP STIR IN THE WORLD JES' NOW"

A NEW TREASURE ISLAND — WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

"CONFOUND YOU, SIR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY GARDEN?"
"CANT 'ELP YOUR TROUBLE, GUVNOR. THERE'S SOME MONEY 'ID ABAHT 'ERE SOMEWHERE."

"YOU! 'OO ARE YOU? YOU AINT A POPPLER CHARACTER LIKE ME. WHY DONT YER SMOKE AN' GIT WRIT ABOUT IN THE PAPERS?"

F.G.



MR. TURVEYDROP INSTRUCTS ROBERT

[THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A ZURICH SCHOOL OF DEPORTMENT FOR POLICEMEN IS ANNOUNCED]

FROM ABROAD.

"Foreign" Wins at Davos

Davos, the Mecca for Consumptives, has shown lately the reverse of the medal — the sporting side. The international skating events have passed off with great *éclat*, and although the principal races were won by "foreigners," the English sporting element was the most *en évidence* and contributed greatly to the success of the meeting. The 500 mètres (speed) was won by the Norwegian Gunderson in 45 3-5 seconds. Koenig (Dutch), second; Bouma (Dutch), third; and Edgington, the only English competitor, fifth. The results of the 1,500 mètres were: Gunderson, first, 8min. 57sec.; Koenig second; and Edgington, fourth. The "Blue Ribbon of the Ice," 10,000 mètres, fell to that "streak of lightning," Gunderson, his time being 19min. 1sec.; Koenig, second; Bouma, third; and the 1,500 mètres was also carried off by Gunderson, who received a great ovation after the last race. Gunderson thus gains the title of the champion of Europe, and it will take a very good man to take it away from him. This year the speed races were practically a foregone conclusion when Gunderson entered, and there were no new competitors. Gunderson's style is not "taking," but he covers "ground" like an express train; a disheartening style his competitors name it.

A Glimpse of the Matterhorn, which has Proved Fatal to so Many Alpine Climbers

Figure Skating Competition

The figure skating competition attracted a great crowd, and was exceptionally good. Salchow, of Stockholm, after a grand exhibition, winning by 347 points out of a total of 408. Very close to him was Bobatesch, of Vienna, followed by Panin and Gordon, of Berlin. The pair skating competition was the "close" of the second day's racing. Mme. Zabo and Herr Euler, of Vienna, coming first with 75 points out of a maximum of 84, Mrs. and Mr. Sayers, the well-known English skaters, were given the second place with 71½ points, Miss Squire and Mr. Johnson coming third with 63 points. Snow fell slightly during the races, and a cold wind blew, but, in spite of the weather, a larger crowd than usual followed the races with keen appreciation.

Ski Club Excursions

The Davos and English Ski Clubs have been making numerous excursions in the neighbourhood, and their members, under the tuition of two Norwegian experts, are becoming experts themselves.

Ski-ing by Moonlight

Ski-ing: the Luxurious Method

Winter Sport in Germany: Ice Yachting near Berlin

Starting for a Run on the Mugger Lake, near Berlin

Aalesund, the Norwegian Town, which was recently Destroyed by a Terrible Fire

In the flight from the burning town many of the inhabitants lost their lives. A Relief Fund has been started for the homeless people, the Kaiser being among the first to subscribe

In a friendly Bandy match against St. Moritz, Davos proved successful.

Military Ski Competition

All St. Moritz turned out to witness the military ski competition, which was held over a course of ten kilomètres, the maximum height reached being 2,300 mètres. The winner was a Swiss named Paravicini—the two Norwegian "professors" being considered *hors de concours*—who accomplished the distance in two hours two minutes, Fumm coming in two minutes later.

Bobsleigh Races

The Bobsleigh races at Davos drew together sixteen competing teams. La Bombe, a French team, won in 6min. 33sec.; Swallow, an English team, coming second with 6min. 41sec., followed by two more English bobsleighs, the Britannia and the Arosa. Although all honour is due to the winners, great disappointment was felt at the non-success of the Britishers, who, according to reports, deserved a win.

The "Postman's Knock" at Grindelwald

The chief event of the week at Grindelwald has been the ski-ing competition, which was won in great style by a postman named Steuri. Another Swiss proved successful in the jumping competition. The season, so far, has been exceptionally brilliant at this charming winter resort, and the rink, which, thanks to the great care exercised by the Bear Hotel authorities is in splendid condition, is crowded every day. Many friendly hockey matches have come off during the week.

Luge-ing at Caux

A heavy fall of snow in the mountains on the northern shores of Lake Geneva is delighting the hearts of lugers, who may be seen by the score, with luges on the shoulder, making their way to Territet Station, to spend the day at Caux and its environs. The latest arrivals there include the Countess of Shrewsbury and her daughter, Lady Viola Talbot; General Sir Rowley Sale-Hill, Lady Sale-Hill; Sir Archibald and Lady Murray, Count Tolstoy, Lady R. Montague and her daughter; Mr. Gordon Howard, M.P., etc. The mountain line to Les Avants is covered with such deep snow that special locomotives are being used to keep the line clear. The luge runs are crowded daily.

The Paris "Temple"

This building, with a strange history is to undergo another transformation, and will shortly become the annual home of the Toy Fair, which the French Prefect of Police Monsieur Lépine, and the Municipal Council have organised by way of combating the German predominance in the toy trade, and rivalling the Leipzig Toy Fair, where so many hundreds of thousands of playthings are purchased every year for the world's little ones. The Temple has a curious and interesting history. In olden days the home of the Knights Templars, it was for years a sanctuary for ruffians of every type, from fraudulent debtors to cut-throats and bullies. More recently the Temple became the home of the second-hand in clothing, jewellery, and anything which went to adorn the female form divine. Men's clothing had a portion of it to itself, and anything was

to be purchased there, from an old battered silk hat to a diamond brooch worth thousands. The grandmothers of present-day Parisiennes bought sheets and blankets, dresses, petticoats and corsets there, and when, in 1864, the ancient wooden buildings were burned down, a wail went up from many a poor Bohemian of the Latin Quarter, who used to go to the old home of the Knights Templars for a complete outfit which he could purchase, boots and all, for something around eighteenpence.

Respectability for one Halfpenny

The present building was divided into two, the Carreau, or Old Clothes Exchange upon the upper floor, and on the ground floor were sold better class, though, of course, second-hand, necessities. The Carreau, of a morning, used to be a curious sight. A halfpenny was charged for admission, "so as to keep the place select," the janitor would tell you, and there, from 9 a.m. till midday, old boots, odd or in pairs, old coats, hats, socks, underwear, trousers, in pairs or in lots, were bought and sold. Dealers came in and purchased thousands of cast-off garments by weight, for exportation to the colonies. Work-girls in search of a smart dress would sell their old one, change into another, pay, and go; others, in want of money, would sell the smart dress they came in, buy a cheaper one, and change into it; life from the seamy side was, in a word, in full swing there from nine till the clock struck midday, when the Carreau closed. In a few months the place will be alive with children's toys, and serious men will be on hand to sell or purchase them, for the annual toy fair is to contain no retail shops, and children, though nobody will prevent them from visiting the delights on show, will not be able to buy single toys

The Bois de Boulogne

In our search for the picturesque we often go much further afield than we need do, and just as Hyde Park, the Green Park, and more, perhaps, than even Kensington's air gardens, contain delightful nooks, which might almost be miles away in the heart of the country, so also, and to an even greater extent, does the Bois de Boulogne, just outside the gates of Paris, look, save in the more peopled avenues, like a natural forest, miles away from the more populous haunts of man. Parisians owe this sylvan charm of their fair city to the generosity of Napoleon III., who made over to them this portion of the ancient forest of Rouvray, where, years before Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers held their hunting *fêtes*. It is a cultivated and wonderfully laid out expanse, and stories of it would fill, not only this number of THE BYSTANDER, but a year's volumes of the paper. Our photographs give some idea of the placid beauty of the scenery.

Aalesund in Ashes

Our illustration shows the picturesque little fishing town of Aalesund, Norway, as it appeared before it was recently burnt to the ground. Most of the houses being of wood, as they are in so many Norwegian towns, in two hours the homes and belongings of a population of over 5,000 people were obliterated, and nothing but charred, smoking ruins remained. The whole population were panic-stricken, and rose in a body to escape from the burning

The "Temple" at Paris

Formerly the home of the Knights Templars, more recently an emporium for sale of second-hand clothes and jewellery, now the home of the annual Toy Fair

In the beautiful Bois d Boulogne "The Lovers Bridge"

Wintry Weather in the Bois de Boulogne

The Finish of the Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice

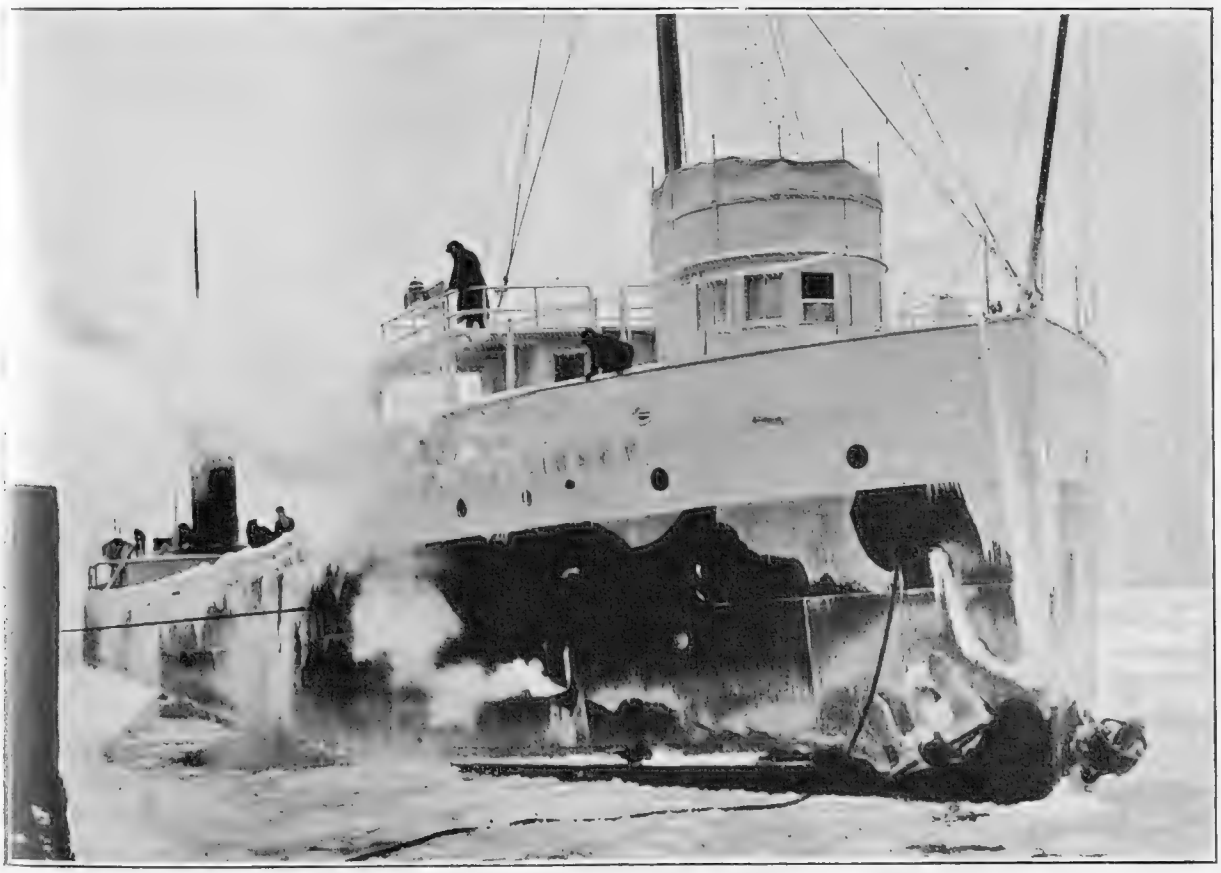
The Races at Nice: Spectators in the Paddock

Japan's Military Capital: In the Main Street of Tokio

town. An eye-witness has given a harrowing description of the flight, in which he says:—"It seemed as if the whole people of the country were flying in a mass across the fields. Aimlessly and helplessly, the poor creatures, groaning and weeping, hurried along, some dragging the relics of their household gods along with them. Sick men and women, and old people, feebly stumbled through the thick mud, and appealed to one another to make haste." During the past twenty years it is estimated that damage to the amount of over £2,750,000 has been done by fire in the Norwegian timber-built towns.

Japan's Naval Centre and Chief Port: Nagasaki Bay

The Freight Steamer "Hutchinson" lately arrived at Windsor, Ontario, Canada, her Decks and Hatches covered with a Solid Coating of Ice, as Shown in the Photograph. The Thermometer Reached 20 degrees below Zero



Another Photograph of the "Hutchinson" after Crossing Lake Michigan. It is little known in England what terrible Cold is often experienced in these Land-locked American Seas during the Winter Months

ARCTIC WEATHER ON THE AMERICAN LAKES

"At the Sign of the Times"

Reminiscences of the Delights

I like to watch the Liberal Party rallying. It has been rallying ever since I was a lad, and it almost looks as if it would continue to rally until I am an old, old man. I sometimes think I should be rather indignant if it left off rallying, and took to being in power once more; indeed, I am not at all sure that I should not become a Tory in that event, much as I should regret having to change views which I have held consistently ever since I wore a sailor-suit. I was under the impression, at that time, that cordite (which brought about the fall of the Liberal Government, you remember?) was a kind of rope, kept in coils at the War Office as on the deck of a ship, and I fancied that perhaps the Secretary for War had lent it to some of his friends' children to make rope ladders with, and that this was why there was not enough of it on the fatal day. I knew that I should have liked the loan of some for the purpose of making a rope-ladder. But this is mere reminiscence.

And Charms of Opposition

The real reason why there would be a danger of my becoming a Tory, in the event of the Liberals forming a Government, is, because to change my party, would in some ways be easier than to change my habits of thought, my modes of expression, all that makes up, so to speak, my political outfit. Let me explain what I mean, as platform orators often say—with a fine irony. My political outfit is that of a man whose party is, and has been ever since he knew it, in opposition. I am accustomed to speak of the Government as vacillating, brutal, self-interested, or what not. I am accustomed to think of the Government as—if not quite as bad as the names I give it—at any rate, vastly inferior to the kind of Government I should personally prefer to see. For Mr. Chamberlain I have a hundred blood-curdling epithets.

Lead the Writer

On the other hand, I am accustomed to think and speak of the Opposition as reliant, mild, dispassionate. I emphatically deny that any Member of the Opposition ever sat on a fence, or so much as ever thought of doing so even when things looked their blackest, and I laugh to scorn the notion that ploughing a solitary furrow is inconsistent with the most whole-hearted allegiance to the principles of Mr. Cobden, Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Bright. I could not say, off-hand, precisely how these principles should be applied to matters of immediate concern to the country, but I know that we ought to rally to them.

To Doubt if the

It is, in short, to the notion of rallying that I invariably find myself returning, that I believe many young Liberals also invariably find themselves returning whenever they have wandered afield speculating. That is why, as it seems to me, the event of the Liberal party forming a government is bound to come, when it does come, as a painful shock to many most ardent Liberals. What on earth, one asks one's self, will one talk about and think about, politically speaking, when one has a Liberal Cabinet safely entrenched and there is nothing left to rally to? One cannot talk of the Tories as tyrants when one is to all intents and purposes sitting upon them. One cannot talk of them as demoralised. It is no good talking of a party as demoralised when it is obviously demoralised. Truisms are fatal to political speakers; and when the Tory party really is demoralised, we shall have to talk of it as gaining insidious strength.

Return of the Liberal Party

The older Liberals will be able to do this, no doubt, with ease. They know the ropes. They will but be renewing their youth, delighting to handle once more the old weapons they learnt to wield as boys. And they will make hay (if I may change the metaphor, somewhat abruptly) with the principles of Mr. Cobden, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright while the sun shines brightly. They will deserve the pleasure it will give them. But we younger ones have not learnt to make hay. We have not—those of us who were in sailor-suits when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman ran short of cordite—(for whatever reasons), we, I say, have not even seen the political sun shining. And I am not at all sure how we shall like it at first.

To Power

Allow me, for example, to consider my own attitude towards Mr. Chamberlain. I ask leave to consider my own attitude merely to avoid a difficulty. There are no party politics discussed in this column, nor ever will be, I trust. But if I were to say, consider our attitude towards Mr. Chamberlain, I should be assuming that only Liberals and Free Traders were fit to consider this weighty matter with me. Whereas, I address all who will read my doleful chat. So that, though my attitude may represent the attitude of many enlightened men, and may not represent the attitude of many men who consider themselves equally enlightened, I prefer to call it my attitude—in other words, the attitude of an anonymous writer who is willing to dissect himself as an object-lesson for all politicians alike.

Will be Wholly a Delight

My attitude, then, towards the great Protectionist is this. As a man who—from a political standpoint—may be regarded as leading his country to destruction, re-conducting it as rapidly as possible into the Dark Ages, imperilling the Empire at every turn, setting Unionists by the ears, arousing the Duke of Devonshire to a positively hazardous energy, treating Mr. Churchill with far less respect than Mr. Churchill's age and weight demand—as a tyrant, a traitor, a mocker of Passive Resistance and all that sort of thing—I love Mr. Chamberlain. I should be lost without him. I should have little to write about. English literature would be sensibly the poorer, the English vocabulary would cease to be enriched.

To Younger Liberals

As a member of the Tory Opposition, Mr. Chamberlain would be lost to me. I might respect him, but I could not love him. He could not oblige me daily as he does now. There would be no despot left to make my blood boil, there would be no fiend in political form to make my flesh creep; and it would be no satisfaction to me to change round and pity him as the aimless member of an undecided party. I cannot conceive myself inspired in writing about Mr. Chamberlain as sitting on a fence, in taunting Mr. Chamberlain with his weak-kneed opposition, or in wishing Mr. Chamberlain (ironically of course) good luck in some private bill, known as the Federation of Empire Bill.

But He Wisely Refrains from Anticipation

That is why, speaking for myself, I am not sure how I shall like the return of my party to political power. For a man who has been cheering on (if not leading) forlorn hopes for all his short political life to find himself one of an army of conquerors, is a dubious pleasure. I suppose it would be as well, for various reasons, not to anticipate it.

MINIMUS.

"My Pretty Maid"

CONCERNING Mrs. BROWN-POTTER

"My Recitations"

The name of New Orleans will always be associated with British defeat. We were horribly beaten there by the Americans in our last war with them nearly a century ago; and Mrs. Brown-Potter was born there comparatively recently. Apart from magazine articles, in which form of amusement Mrs. Brown-Potter has several times indulged in the enterprising New York Press, she has presented one work of letters to the world. It is called "My Recitations." The book has been in existence some time; so that it plainly stands in need of at least one additional chapter (not to say volume) dealing with the last and most important of all the creations of this gifted lady—the one dealing with "The Words of Joseph Chamberlain." Nobody who has listened to it is likely to forget it. On that, there is agreement between the most philosophic Free Trader and the most pessimistic Protectionist. Mr. Cox and Mr. Collings, Mr. Vince and Mr. Chiozza Money might shake hands upon it. Apart from the quality of Mrs. Brown-Potter's art, apart from the singular picture she has devised for the setting of her piece—a picture in which the artist's remarkable crimson hair strikes the dominating note—apart from the slightly contentious character of the matter which she recites, the circumstances are striking. For an actress to become all of a sudden one of the most prominent representatives of a policy on which the safety of the Empire is by many believed to depend, is an unusual thing. When it is added that the policy in question is one of an intensely national character, and that the lady who so powerfully maintains it is an American born and bred of an American stock, it may safely be assumed that the thing is without precedent.

"Brown-Potterites"

It might almost be said that Mrs. Brown-Potter has founded a political party of her own. A very eminent Opposition journalist wrote only the other day, in that fine and forcible English which is found nowhere but in political controversy, about Mr. Chamberlain's followers as being divided into hustlers, whole-hoggers, boodlers, and "Brown-Potterites." This was almost certainly meant unkindly; yet properly regarded—and Mrs. Brown-Potter herself would surely regard it in no other way—it is an amazing tribute to her talents. The least Mr. Chamberlain could do, should he become Prime Minister (and there are those who credit him with such an intention), would be to make Mrs. Brown-Potter a peeress in her own right.

Her American Period and Some Adventures

The fine old name of Urquhart was that which Mrs. Brown-Potter inherited at birth from her father, Colonel David Urquhart. Cora Urquhart was educated at home, and it may have been the colonel's influence and example which implanted in her those gifts of courage and resource, of which so many stories are known to her friends, and to which so much of her theatrical success is due. Many things happened in the United States, including the advent of Mr. J. Brown-Potter, of New York, before she came to establish a reputation in England. For some years she played in America as an amateur, to the notable swelling of the revenues of certain charities, which are calculated to have profited by Mrs. Brown-Potter's help to the extent of about £10,000. Since her first professional appearance (which Mrs. Brown-Potter honoured us by making at our own Haymarket Theatre sixteen years ago) she has been three times round the world, acting in every country, as she proudly declares, where the English tongue is spoken, and in some, it may be added, where it is spoken very imperfectly. For instance, when she took her company to act before the Nizam in the royal city of Hyderabad, there were few Europeans in the place. There was a "wait" of some days before the Nizam was ready to enjoy the performance, and when at length it came to be given, that monarch witnessed it in solitary majesty, attended by nobody. Even if his approval was of the most enthusiastic character, it must have been a chilling house to act to

The Embarrassing Breakfast

Another acquaintance of Mrs. Brown-Potter's was the late Li Hung Chang, who gave a breakfast party in her honour once at the great pagoda, in Canton. At this feast nothing was omitted that could stir the enthusiasm of a *bon vivant*—a Chinese one, that is; the crowning delicacy, of which Mrs. Brown-Potter still speaks with bated breath, being an egg of immemorial age, such as is seen—and heard—only on the tables of Viceroys and of the Sacred Emperor. But if Mrs. Brown-Potter does not love to speak of her triumphs and her professional career, what is it that she finds delight in? Travelling and country life are her joys, and the charming house on the river, near Maidenhead, where she lives, is the scene of her principal pleasures, which have to do with ponies, gardening, boating, and other out-of-door pursuits, not to mention the exercise of her functions as a perfect hostess and housekeeper.

Cantillation

Her position in our stage world is unique. Apart from performances of hers which playgoers remember in the *Musketeers*, *The Ghetto*, and other plays, her art of recitation to music is all her own. It has been described as "a revival of the old English form of cantillation, which is partly ecclesiastical in its origin;" and her appearances at the celebrated Vicar of Gorleston's church, and at St. George's Chapel for the late Mr. Kerr Gray, as well as at the Bristol Musical Festival, are remembered by thousands. It may come to tariffs or it may not; but there is one American article to the importation of which nobody objects, and that is Mrs. Brown-Potter.

Mrs. Brown-Potter

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Monna Vanna, a Drama in Three Acts." By Maurice Maeterlinck; translated by Alfred Sutro. (George Allen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Centenary History of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1804-1854." By William Canton. Illustrated. 2 vols. (John Murray: 30*s.* net.)

"John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland." Illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould. An "Alice" Parody on the question of the day. (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"My Friend Prospero." By Henry Harland, Author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box." (John Lane: 6*s.*).

"Thyra Parrick." By Amelia E. Barr. (Fisher, Unwin: 6*s.*)

"A Lost Estate." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Mountain and Forest in Canada

"Climbs and Exploration in the Canadian Rockies." By H. E. M. Stutfield and J. N. Collie, F.R.S., (Longmans. London: 1903.)

Few pursuits exercise so strong a fascination over their votaries as that of mountaineering; but when, in addition to the intrinsic pleasures afforded by his favourite sport, the climber can feel the satisfaction arising from really useful work well performed, his cup of happiness must indeed be full. So much, at least, may be gathered from the book, written in collaboration by Mr. Stutfield and Professor Collie, which deals with four expeditions to the Canadian Rockies.

It is a little difficult to realise that, even at the present time, our knowledge of the physical geography of Canada leaves much to be desired; the altitudes of most of the peaks are still unknown, and much of the information already to hand, both as regards the height, and even the position, of the chief mountains is inaccurate. In illustration of this, it is sufficient to note that, in 1897, the exploring party "entirely missed Mount Balfour, and climbed Mount Gordon instead." It was to elucidate many uncertainties of this description, that Professor Collie undertook four expeditions, in 1897, 1898, 1900, and 1902, in the three latter of which he was accompanied by Mr. Stutfield; and the result is a greatly improved map of the country about the head waters of the Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca rivers, and the present entertaining picture of Canadian exploration. Besides the superior attractions of peaks hitherto untrodden, the Rockies possess another advantage over the Alps in the magnificent forest scenery which distinguishes their valleys. The reader is continually hearing of:

> great cedars, pines, poplars, spruces cotton-wood trees, and Douglas firs—some of them nearly two hundred feet high, their branches hung with long beards of grey, black, and yellow lichens—ranging and for ever re-arranging themselves, as the evening shadows fell, in long shadowy aisles, and sylvan corridors . . . Side by side with the spectacle of vigorous growth afforded by the young trees and shrubs sprouting from the damp earth, was that of decay—a mournful array of fallen monarchs, sublime even in their ruin—trunks of immense girth that lay slowly rotting away, moss-grown masses of decomposing vegetation, whose life and sap had long since gone forth to nourish their youthful successors.

But this very luxuriance of vegetation was the principal obstacle to the success of the expeditions. Owing to the decrease of game, one of the chief features of the forest scenery noted by the authors is the scarcity of bird and beast life; as a consequence,

From "Climbs and Exploration in the Canadian Rockies"

The Siffleur Creek
A typical piece of scenery in the Canadian Rockies

the day of the hunter and trapper is over, and the backwoods are more deserted now than they have been since the advent of the white man; so much so, indeed, that the explorers "never once met a human being . . . during either of our journeys up country in 1898 or 1900." The result is twofold the old trails are no longer kept open, and a provision train is necessary.

The difficulty of leading a train of pack-animals through scenery of this description, where in places mile after mile had to be cleared with the axe, may be imagined. The authors relate how at times they "walked for hundreds of yards over logs several feet from the ground . . . in such places one may be walking along some colossal trunk that looks fairly solid outside, but within, is a mass of rottenness, and if you break through the outside crust you may suddenly find yourself up to your neck in the soft pulp." Matters are complicated by the existence of innumerable swamps, and when, in addition, the horses evince a propensity for plunging, baggage and all, into every stream they pass, one can realise, to the full, the old Western saying, "No man can serve God and drive oxen." But these were minor trials compared with the insect pests, mosquitoes, "bulldogs," and wasps, which proved a veritable scourge.

With regard to the many ascents accomplished, few incidents occurred, fortunately for the authors, of a very exciting nature. One of the exceptions happened on the first journey, when a member of the party fell down a crevasse, and was only extricated with great difficulty by Professor Collie, who, "being the lightest of the party, and, withal, unmarried," was lowered by a rope to his assistance. For the rest, the ascent of Mount Forbes, a peak with an altitude of 12,000 feet, appears to have afforded the greatest difficulties. In fact, the authors doubt whether the Rockies will eclipse the Alps as a playground for mountaineers, when once their great attraction as virgin soil disappears; and they are inclined still to award the palm for grandeur and stateliness, as well as for difficulty of ascent, to the peaks of the Old World.

The general fair weather with which the explorers were favoured contributed greatly to their success, and the splendid series of photographs with which the book is illustrated bears witness to the magnificence of the scenery, peak after peak, in riotous confusion, which greeted their eyes at every summit. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

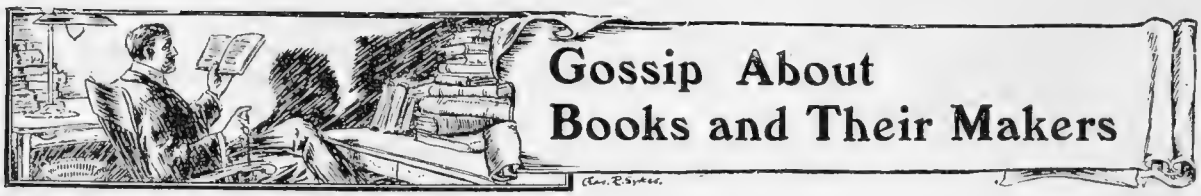
Modern historians have done much to whitewash the character of Lucrezia Borgia, though many of the horrible fictions concerning her life are still accepted as facts. That she came unscathed through the profligate scenes which she witnessed with her father at Rome, can scarcely be credited, but apparently she was not nearly so black as painted. An important work on the life of Lucrezia Borgia, based on original documents and correspondence of her day, was published at Stuttgart some years ago by Ferdinand Gregorovius, and an English translation of this is now announced by Mr. Murray.

The story of another woman who helped to make history on the Continent has been told by Mrs. Catherine Bearne in an illustrated volume, entitled, "A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court," to be published during the spring by Mr. Fisher Unwin. This is the life of Laura Permon, wife of General Junot, whose stormy childhood through the Great Revolution and subsequent splendours in the Imperial Court, read more like a romance than a true history. She was intimate with Napoleon and his family, and in later years was a leading figure in the literary and artistic societies both of Paris and Rome.

The fiscal question is bringing out new "lives" of the leading men on either side. One of the most important of these is an illustrated memoir of the Duke of Devonshire, to be published by Messrs. Methuen, though it will not be ready, unfortunately, in time for the Duke's meeting at the Guildhall. The personal facts of the Duke of Devonshire's life are not so well known as those of his great Protectionist opponent, and this will be the first serious attempt at a complete record of his career. The author is Mr. H. Leach, who not only gives the full political history of the Duke, but chapters on his personal characteristics, his sporting and social interests, and his relations with his contemporaries.

While we are waiting for the authorised "life" of Lord Beaconsfield, which has probably passed to some other writer's hands since Lord Rowton's death, it is interesting to hear of two other memoirs of Disraeli which are coming through Messrs. Methuen. They are both written by Mr. Walter Sichel, one being a large work, described as "a study in personality and ideas," and the other a smaller volume, in the "Little Biographies" series, written in an abridged and more popular form. The larger work aims at presenting Disraeli's outlook on life and politics, the long consistency of which has not yet been realised.

One of the notable books of the spring will be Mr. Frederic Harrison's novel, which Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish in book form after it has finished its serial course in the *Fortnightly*. Mr. Harrison is so well known as a philosopher, and an essayist who can be uncomfortably academic at times, that it is difficult to associate him with novel writing, but this reason alone will make his book one of the literary events of the season. Another novel which has a certain success in store for it is a new book by Mr. Winston Churchill, entitled "The Crossing." This is not "our" Winston Churchill, with the intervening "Spencer," but the clever young American, whose "Richard Carvel," and "The Crisis," met with enormous sales, both here and in the States. The American Winston Churchill was trained for the Navy, but now devotes all his time to authorship. Messrs. Macmillan are to publish his new novel.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. H. G. Wells

Assuredly no one will ever suspect Mr. H. G. Wells of getting his startling plots from any quarter other than his own inner consciousness. For daring invention he has never been approached, even by M. Jules Verne, and at the back of all he has written there is a wealth of scientific knowledge to which the French writer could never have laid claim. But I confess that the keen edge of wonder which Mr. Wells's speculative fiction was wont to sharpen is inclined to bluntness in his later stories. Not that they show any falling off in the brilliant daring of the author's imagination, but because one has come to gauge, more readily, his methods. His latest story, "The Food of the Gods," now appearing in one of the magazines, is very characteristic, and lends itself, as all his fiction does, to striking illustration. Curiously enough, I have just received a book from a London publisher entitled "The Food of the Gods"; but as it is a treatise on the manufacture of cocoa, there will be no need for Mr. Wells to rechristen his story when it appears in book form! Some time ago he was asked to name his best book, and he answered as follows: "I really do not know which is my best book. My biggest thing, my most intimate thing, my first line-of-battle ship, is 'Anticipations.' My next piece of significant story-writing is 'The Invisible Man.' I think that 'Love and Mr. Lewisham' is as near beauty as I am likely to get, and I am fond of 'The War of the Worlds,' because of its destruction of property." "Mankind in the Making" has appeared since Mr. Wells wrote the above, and may be said to have done more to enhance his reputation than anything he has launched since his "first-line-of-battleship."

Mr. H. G. Wells

A Notable Biography

Dr. R. A. Farrar's "life" of his father, the late Dean Farrar, published this week, is likely to be widely read, if only because it has been issued at the popular price of six shillings, which is very unusual in the case of important biographies. The late Dean was one of the hardest-working literary men the Church has ever produced, and editorial friends of mine, who had business with him, remember him as a stickler for terms. Six years ago he wrote a series of reminiscences under the title "Men I have Known," for the now defunct *Temple Magazine*; and although these have been published in book form in America, they have never been reissued on this side of the Atlantic. His famous boy's story, "Eric," of which Mr. Kipling makes such excellent fun in "Stalky and Co.," is said to have been largely autobiographical. I recall an excellent *bon mot* attributed to his son, who has now become his biographer. When he was a young man, he was at a dinner-party, where an American lady said to him, "I understand Mr. Farrar, that your father is one of the big guns in the Church of England." "That is quite true," he replied, "he is a cannon."

About Serial Stories

Laying your money on the favourite for the next horse-race is only a degree more uncertain in its results than speculating on the literary taste of the public. Some five or six years ago, there was a general opinion in literary circles that serial fiction in newspapers and magazines was declining in popularity, and would soon disappear before the all-conquering short story. But, of late, it would seem that the latter is qualifying for the *rôle* of the dog in Goldsmith's poem:

> "The man recovered of the bite,
> The dog it was that died."

For at no time in the history of popular journalism has the serial story been in such high favour as it is to-day. In last month's *Review of Reviews*, a list of serials appearing in the leading monthly magazines is printed, and I find they number fifty six. But these represent no more than a drop

Mr. William Le Queux

the bucket of the serial fiction in course of publication at this moment. Writers of this class of literature are, indeed, living in a golden age; countless weekly newspapers and literary miscellanies are on the lookout for their wares; and there are evidences that the penny morning papers are likely to follow the lead of their halfpenny rivals by introducing continued stories to their pages, the *Daily News* having been the first to make the move.

Writers of Serials

There are many things in the literary world that "no fellah can understand." One of these is the different conditions of some novelists' popularity. I could, for instance, mention the names of several well-known writers whose books sell splendidly, but whose stories are of comparatively little value as "circulation raisers" when they appear serially; while there are many others who command large fees for serial fiction, and can secure only small circulations for their books. It might be supposed that the reason for this was obvious enough; the one class of writer deliberately producing novels which could only be read to advantage in book form, and the other aiming primarily at the construction of a plot which lent itself to a series of "curtains," and was, for that reason, unsuited for reading as a composite whole. But this theory is immediately knocked on the head by the fact that there is another large class of writers, outnumbering either of those mentioned, whose romances are equally successful in both forms of publication. Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. William Le Queux, Mr. Anthony Hope, are a very few of the names that come to one's mind in this connection.

Mr. William Le Queux

Perhaps there is no fictionist who has been more successful than Mr. Le Queux in winning the favour of all sorts of readers. He is a writer of prodigious fertility; one is amazed at the amount of excellent work he contrives to produce. Doubtless his long years of journalistic training have given him the facility for rapid production, which now enables him to turn out more stories in the course of a year than almost any other author of our time. His first success in fiction was made fourteen years ago with "Guilty Bonds," a novel of strong dramatic interest, and, in 1892, his "Great War in England" ran through twenty-five editions in six-shilling form, and was translated into many European languages. What promises to be one of the best of his many romances is that entitled "The Hunchback of Westminster," now appearing in our bright contemporary, *The Hour-Glass*, and he breaks new ground, bearding the redoubtable Mr. Crockett in his own den of Galloway, in "The Closed Book," a stirring serial which he is contributing to *Chambers's Journal*. Mr. Le Queux, who resides the greater part of the year in Florence, and is married to a charming Italian lady, has recently been decorated by Victor Emmanuel III. with the Cross of the Order of the Crown of Italy, in recognition of his admirable translation of the Duke of the Abruzzi's book "On the Polar Star."

"Plots and Plot-makers"

A good deal of discussion has been aroused by an article which appeared recently in the organ of the Authors' Society, wherein a person who seemed happy to describe himself as a literary hack pretended that he made a good income by writing books for authors of established reputation to sell as their own work. Personally, I should incline to regard such a "confession" as a rather clumsy joke; but it may have had some element of truth in it, and the person may have given some literary assistance of a quite legitimate kind, which his imagination had enlarged into the actual authorship of a book. Cases of the sort could easily be mentioned, as, for example, that of a certain gentleman who publicly claims to have been a principal in the establishing of a great weekly newspaper, the editor of which assures me that the gentleman in question was employed by him in the humble capacity of shorthand writer. But, in the *Daily News* the other day, I noticed this advertisement: "Plots wanted and good plot-makers. State all particulars." This would suggest that the supplying of plots, at least, is a regular occupation, although the advertisement may have been inserted by some practical joker. I am aware that it is the custom in some of the large firms publishing cheap periodicals to furnish their regular writers with plots, but this applies to the lowest class of newspaper fiction only, and I refuse to believe that any living author of established reputation has ever foisted on the public a novel he has paid some obscure hack to write. That many of our most successful authors may have received assistance is very likely, and I remember the late Sir Walter Besant advocating something of the kind when he confessed that all the Scotch conversation in one of his books had been recast by a young Scotsman in his publisher's office, who was horrified at Sir Walter's distortions of his native dialect.

J. A. H.

The Latest Portrait of Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford

OUR SHORT STORY

THE PLEASURE-MONGER & THE COFFIN PLOT

By C. RANGER-GULL

Old Lady Linquest had enjoyed herself too much, since quite early Victorian times, and old age had only left her surgical pleasures. She could hamstring a reputation or probe a forgotten scandal still ; but such pursuits were all that remained to sweeten life for her.

London society knew her no more, for infirmity compelled her to live at Chenoweth Hall, in Cornwall ; but, even there, an active cleverness and an unequalled cellar enabled her to gather a few friends together from time to time, and have a good deal of malicious fun.

The Dowager's personal appearance was in exact harmony with her character. Her face was cider-coloured, wrinkled like a railway map, and dominated by a curved nose, resembling the beak of a sparrow-hawk. She had, indeed, all those attributes of the malevolent godmother in fairy-tale or nursery rhyme which are pictured in the toy books. Some folk called her Mother Hubbard, with the difference that, while the latter could not find a single bone in her cupboard, Lady Linquest could always discover a whole skeleton in other people's !

Most of the year Lady Linquest resided at her old granite mansion in the Penzance Hinterland, where, it rejoiced her to know, she was exceedingly disliked by the district. Neighbouring great families, to most of whom she was related by birth or marriage, called once or twice in the year, and that was all. In Chenoweth village she had nearly made the vicar add a new petition to the Litany, and the dissenting minister a clause to the Commination Service, while her only local friend was her nephew, Dr. Tom Chenoweth, of Penzance, who attended her professionally. "I don't quarrel with *you*, Tom," she said, "because if I did you would poison me, and the older I get the more fervently I say '*Il faut vivre.*'"

A summer had passed lightly over Chenoweth, neither hot nor cold, but equable and restorative. As winter drew near, Lady Linquest was in better health than she had been for years, and the vitriol in her veins became animated. She determined to enjoy herself, and to that end cast about in her mind how she might best accomplish it, and whom she should invite to share the hospitalities of Chenoweth Hall.

Her cellar, an affair of generations, was a great magnet to men, and her cook was an enthusiastic creature who would have cooked an okapi if he could have got one. These were attractions, but there was another and more powerful one, and it was this last bait upon which the old lady reckoned to provide her with the winter's amusement. Readers of those journals which chronicle the doings of fashionable people had become accustomed to seeing the name of Miss Pendray prominent in their columns. Whenever anything particularly amusing took place anywhere, from a *bal masqué* to a snail-race, Polly Pendray was present, for she was a girl who held a unique position in society. She was twenty-eight, and a cousin of Lady Linquest ; nor had she a penny in the world, save what that lady allowed her. But she went everywhere because of her marvellous inventive powers. She was like the blow of a whip to jaded people in society. Her specialty was the invention of new amusements, and in this she was supreme. Accordingly, she had become very widely known as the "Pleasure-monger," and hostesses fought for her.

But, even in these days of bridge and poker, a bachelor girl cannot live entirely without money. Clothes and railway fares must be got somehow, and, until a husband should do so, Lady Linquest provided the necessary funds for these. In return, she rigidly exacted two months of Miss Pendray's companionship during the year. The Dowager hated her cousin, but the girl afforded her infinite distraction, and that, after successive seasons of popularity and opportunity, she should still remain a spinster, was in itself a recurring comedy.

One morning in November, Flamanc, Lady Linquest's maid, brought the post bag to her mistress, who was expecting the answers to several invitations. She opened the letters with trembling fingers and an evil gleam in her eyes.

The first was from the Earl of Stratton, the wealthy Lancashire peer. The writing was precise and formal, the wording a little stilted, but the writer accepted Dear Lady Linquest's invitation to stay for three weeks at Chenoweth. A grim smile cut into the wrinkles on her face as she read the last paragraph—

> I have seen a good deal of Miss Pendray at Lady Ammonia Scrubbs's, where we have both been staying, and am interested to hear that she will be your guest also during my stay at Chenoweth. She is a very bright and amusing girl.

The second letter was from Mr. Augustus Barrington, a young man of the Donothing and Eatall type, who accepted also. He would have gone much further than Cornwall to meet the Chenoweth cellar and cook and Miss Polly Pendray. Lady Linquest had asked him because he would make an amusing foil to the middle-aged and rather serious Lord Stratton, and because he was primarily and essentially

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a fool. The contemplation of a foolishness which was almost profound in its extent and scope, never bored the *châtelaine* of Chenoweth.

The last letter was from the "Pleasure-monger" herself, announcing the date of her arrival, and hinting, somewhat broadly, that a cheque would be particularly acceptable just at the moment.

These three people would complete the little party, and Lady Linquest gave a sigh of satisfaction at the prospect. Everything was now satisfactorily arranged. She was in excellent spirits, and when Flamanc—her faithful attendant and a dour Cornish Methodist—brought in the mid-morning cup of beef-tea, the Dowager began to horrify the maid's eager ears with tales of Polly Pendray's progress in society, pungently illustrating that great truth that those who play to the gallery are simultaneously qualifying for the pit.

Dinner on the first night of the little house-party was a very complete affair. Lady Linquest only tormented the hearts and minds of her guests, never their bodies. They would not have endured that.

The *chef* had invented a new *entrée* of devilled oysters *à la Reine de Servie*, and the butler waited on Mr. Augustus Barrington with little whispered histories of the bin, which suffused the young gentleman's vacuous face with reverence and joy.

Lord Stratton was middle-aged and clean shaven. His eyes were troubled with constant speculation, and he had a way of suddenly turning them on in a blaze of inquiry. For the rest, though rather weak, his face was that of an honest and quiet-minded man.

The "Pleasure-monger," on the other hand, was a very "explicit" girl. Her hair and eyes were vivid gold and violet, her voice clear and penetrating, with a constant stream of merry talk. The nose was tip-tilted, the mouth well shaped, but rather hard—hard with all the courage of its own egoism.

"Well," said Lady Linquest, over the soup. "I hope you're all going to enjoy yourselves. Polly will keep you alive, I suppose. Lady Ammonia writes that you have been the life and soul of her party, my dear. Quite famous, I hear you are, since you invented the new game, 'Widdle Waddle, Wob-wob.' Some people are born to greatness, and some achieve it, while at Lady Scrubbs's they thrust it upon others. Did you play at 'Widdle Waddle, Wob-wob,' Stratton?"

The earl looked up at Miss Pendray. Lady Linquest saw that he was annoyed. "No," he answered. "But that was not the only thing Miss Pendray did at Hartshorn. She was kind enough to make some valuable suggestions about my stamp collections."

"Oh, yes. Polly knows all about everything in a sixpenny sort of way," the old lady retorted.

The "Pleasure-monger" winced, almost imperceptibly, and shot a swift glance of appeal at the earl. He replied by a searching, half-doubtful gaze, which seemed to give the usually self-possessed girl some uneasiness.

"So I see little Marquis of Manque has got engaged after all," the old lady continued. "I always thought the little monster would go on disappointing all the girls. Daisy Passe is very fortunate. What have you been about, Polly, this season? You are missing your chances, dreadfully.

Mr. Barrington looked up suddenly from his pheasant. "I always told Manque," he said earnestly, "that for a man with bow legs, like his, it's sheer madness to wear striped trousers."

Lady Linquest was beginning to enjoy this, the preliminary skirmish of her autumn party. She saw at once that something was going on, had been going on between Lord Stratton and Polly. That the girl should make a brilliant marriage was the very last thing she wished to happen. She determined to make a special study of this situation, to find out exactly what Lord Stratton thought. During the rest of the evening she was very quiet and gentle. The Earl sat with her, and talked in his usual simple, earnest way, finding a ready and appreciative listener.

He thought, as he bade her good-night, that age was mellowing and softening his old friend, and that she was becoming more kindly, and more human, with advancing years.

In three days Lady Linquest had discovered what she wanted to know. Her own keen observation, her intuition, aided by the vigilant eyes of Flamanc, gave her a pretty keen insight into the truth. Lord Stratton was undoubtedly snared.

"I admire the girl's cunning, I must say," Lady Linquest remarked to her maid; "and, clever as she is, I wonder she hasn't caught someone before. She is playing quite a different game to her usual one. When she is with Mr. Barrington she is as giddy and flippant as ever; but when Lord Stratton is there, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth! She is subdued and quiet; talks on his own subjects, exactly in the way rather dull, middle-aged men like. Oh, she is very clever! But I'm not going to let anything happen."

"Miss may be clever," said Flamanc; "but we knows a cleverer, my lady," putting into words the complacent thought that was passing through the old lady's mind.

It was on the fourth day that Lord Stratton opened his heart to Lady Linquest.

She had pleased and touched him by the continued sympathy of her manner, and the hour was propitious. They were in two chairs, by a great fire, in the small drawing-room. A little octagonal table, with tea-cups shining in the glow, stood between them. Everything breathed cosiness and confidences.

"I am, of course, considerably her elder," he said; "but I am not an old man, and that need be no bar between us. Her birth is as good as my own, and the question of money is, fortunately, quite unimportant in my case. I don't deny I see faults in her. She is young, and very popular in society, and society is not in the healthiest condition just now. But the veneer will wear off very rapidly. In our recent talks together I have found her very different from the superficial impression she gives. She is a sweet girl, and I believe her to be true and sound at core."

"Have you spoken to her yet?"

"No, I have said nothing. I need hardly tell you, my old friend, as a woman of the world, that I am, naturally, not unaware of the attractions that a title and considerable wealth have for the modern girl.

"Three Yokels bore a Gate upon which lay the Earl of Stratton."

No man who has these can escape certain unpleasantnesses. I have wished to assure myself. In Miss Pendray's case, I now feel sure that no unworthy motives could actuate her. I do not know if she will listen to what I have to say, and I am by no means convinced that she would ever care enough for me to think of marriage. But I have sometimes fancied that she is not quite indifferent——"

His voice sank and ceased, and he gazed rather shyly into the fire.

Then Lady Linquest began.

She assured him that he need have no fear that Polly Pendray would hesitate. She also told him, at considerable length, and with a terrible nudity of language which made him shiver, some anecdotes dealing with the "Pleasure-monger's" career in the gay world.

But she overdid it. The rancour was too patent. Lord Stratton knew what scandal was; he had read his Sheridan, and could apply it to the day. His chivalrous instincts awoke, and, finding milder protests entirely insufficient, he told his hostess bluntly that he believed none of these stories, and that at least she had been grossly misinformed.

Lady Linquest lost her temper, but the more outrageous she became, the more obstinate Lord Stratton showed himself.

"She would marry you on Monday, and see you die on Tuesday, without a tear," she cried, in a trembling voice. "You think she cares for you, Stratton! I tell you with absolute certainty that if you were to die now in that chair, she would spend the evening quite happily, playing Widdle-Waddle, what's-its-name with Augustus Barrington!"

"And I would stake my life she'd do nothing of the sort," Lord Stratton answered.

There was a silence, only broken by a log of cedar in the grate, which began to crackle and splutter.

Lady Linquest spoke again. Her voice had quite changed, and Lord Stratton looked up in surprise. The tones were low and eager, with no trace of their former passion.

"You really believe what you say, I can see," she said. "Very well, then. Suppose we put it to the test. Dare you put that girl to a test?"

"I would do anything to show you that she is not what you think."

A mirthless laugh came from the other side of the fireplace.

"You shall have the opportunity, Stratton! You said you'd stake your life on her disinterestedness. That is exactly what you shall do! Now, don't look alarmed—wait till you hear what I have to say. Bring your chair closer. Now listen."

For a minute or two Lady Linquest spoke almost in a whisper. Lord Stratton's face showed an intolerable surprise, hardened into refusal, softened again, lit up with confidence, and finally settled into acute attention.

Now and then a few words were a little more audible than the rest.

"My nephew Tom Chenoweth—doctor—do all I ask—depend Flamanc to assist. Nonsense! it will be regarded as a mere practical joke if it is ever known. She's played hundreds of such pranks herself——"

Lord Stratton was strangely silent at dinner that night, but Polly seemed in her most frivolous mood, and was defiant of his melancholy.

Lady Linquest's manner was a trifle furtive.

. . . . . .

Two days after this, Miss Pendray and Mr. Barrington were startled, while playing pitch and toss on the steps of the porch, by a riderless horse, foam flecked, and with the marks of a fall, cantering up the drive.

"It's the mare Stratton took out after lunch! Stratty's had a tumble. Wot 'o, he bumps!" said Mr. Augustus Barrington.

A groom captured the runaway, and a few minutes after a melancholy procession came up the drive. Three yokels bore a gate upon which lay the Earl of Stratton. His eyes were closed, his face pale, dirty, and blood-stained. By the side of this ambulance walked Tom Chenoweth, the doctor, and a groom drove his dog-cart slowly behind. The doctor, indeed, had been a witness of the accident, it appeared. In fact, Lord Stratton's mare had shied at the doctor's wheels. It was not yet known what the injuries were.

They carried the unconscious peer slowly up to the little suite of apartments which he occupied.

For an hour no news came downstairs. At the end of that time the doctor, with a very grave face, came into the library. Lady Linquest was there with Mr. Barrington and Polly. The old lady seemed much upset, and had asked the girl to play to her to calm her over-wrought nerves. The doctor had heard the brilliant music as he left the patient's room.

"I've sent for a nurse from Penzance," said Dr. Chenoweth. "It's most serious. I cannot say how it will end. Please have me a bed made up in the dressing-room, aunt."

Lord Stratton's rooms were *en suite*, and consisted of a bedroom, which opened into the corridor, an intermediate dressing-room, and a small sitting-room. As the day wore on, the earl, with no sign of sickness about him, sat, in the innermost of the three rooms, reading a novel. During the evening, he occasionally took a hand of cards with the doctor. In the bedroom, a woman, dressed as a nurse—Flamanc's sister from Penzance—sat reading also. Every now and again she moved to the door in answer to a soft knock, unlocked it, and gave a bulletin to Flamanc, who always received it with a grim smile. The news, which was hourly brought to the guests downstairs, grew worse and worse. Polly noticed that whenever Flamanc appeared with tidings, both she and Lady Linquest watched her with grim and unfriendly expectation. She was a high-spirited girl, and divined their uncharitable thoughts, but not for one moment would she betray herself to these harpies.

Every now and again, a little pencilled note was brought from Lady Linquest to Lord Stratton. He grew pale, and more pale, as he read them.

She's been playing Widdle Waddle with Gus Barrington for an hour.

Heard a scuffle in the hall, and found Augustus was teaching her to box.

At breakfast, next morning, the sorrowful, but expected, news was announced. Lord Stratton had died in the night.

All that day Lady Linquest kept Polly busy writing

letters. The terrible old eyes never left the girl's face. She bore up bravely; for she knew she could not endure the bitter taunts that would assail her if she broke down.

How could she bear to hear her tears spoken of as tears of disappointment—ignoble, debasing tears? She made as good a lunch as she was able; for she knew that food was necessary to sustain her under this fierce scrutiny. She determined to conquer in this battle of the wills. During dinner she talked of indifferent subjects, shunning the one that, lava-hot, surged deep down in her heart.

And a note went up to a certain distant sitting-room, which ran:

Ate half a sole, two cutlets, and a meringue. Talked of the weather the whole time.

But at night, when all the house was sunk in sleep, a tall figure slipped out of a room in the corridor where the Earl was lying

Polly's eyes were blurred with tears. She wore a loose wrap, over which her gleaming hair fell in a Danäe-like shower. In her arms was a great bunch of the late wild scabius, a chaste and simple flower, which Lord Stratton had once told her that he loved.

Softly she glimmered down the corridor, and opened the door of the death chamber. One single lamp, turned very low, burned on the dressing-table. The door leading into the next room was ajar, and deep breathing came from it, showing that the night-watcher had wearied and was sleeping.

She turned towards the bed, where it seemed that a still something was outlined under a sheet.

Then, dropping her simple offering on the floor, she sank down upon her knees at the bedside in an agony.

"Oh, Lucien, Lucien!" she moaned. "My Lucien. So good and straight! There was no one like you, dear. O, love, departed love, I may tell you now. Dearest! They can't call me a schemer now!"

As she moaned, the room became suddenly irradiated. She raised her head. Through the mist of tears she saw Lord Stratton standing in the doorway, watching her with a strange and happy look in his wide eyes.

"Ah!" she cried, holding out her arms, and swaying as she did so. "So, then, love can call back love from death for a moment! Come once to me, dear, touch me once for a memory!"

As the figure moved towards her she fell into a deep swoon and sank down among the flowers, knowing nothing of the living kisses which fell upon her hair.

. . . . . .

After they were married, and something of what got to be called the "Coffin Plot" leaked out, the shock had a most serious effect upon Lady Linquest.

She had always taken such a worm's-eye view of life, that when the Vicar of Chenoweth, thinking his opportunity had come at last, attempted to turn her thoughts to something more reputable than frustrated malevolence, she was unable to respond to his ministrations.

She was, however, enabled to find some comfort in Christian Science, which came up about that time and Mrs. Eddy—if she lives—will, no doubt, receive a considerable benefaction from Lady Linquest—if she dies.

But they say Death is afraid of her, and keeps away from Chenoweth.

In Far Korea. A Train entering Seoul, the Capital, from Chemulpo, 25 miles distant

The Latest Photograph of His Holiness Pope Pius X.

THE VATICAN

The Vatican Gardens

A View of the Vatican, taken from the Terrace of St. Peter's

The Last Flight of Stairs leading to the Ball of St. Peter's

The Ball of St. Peter's

"La Prière des Vierges" at St. Peter's

The Prayers of the Faithful

The Statues of the Apostles which stand on the Terrace of St. Peter's

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

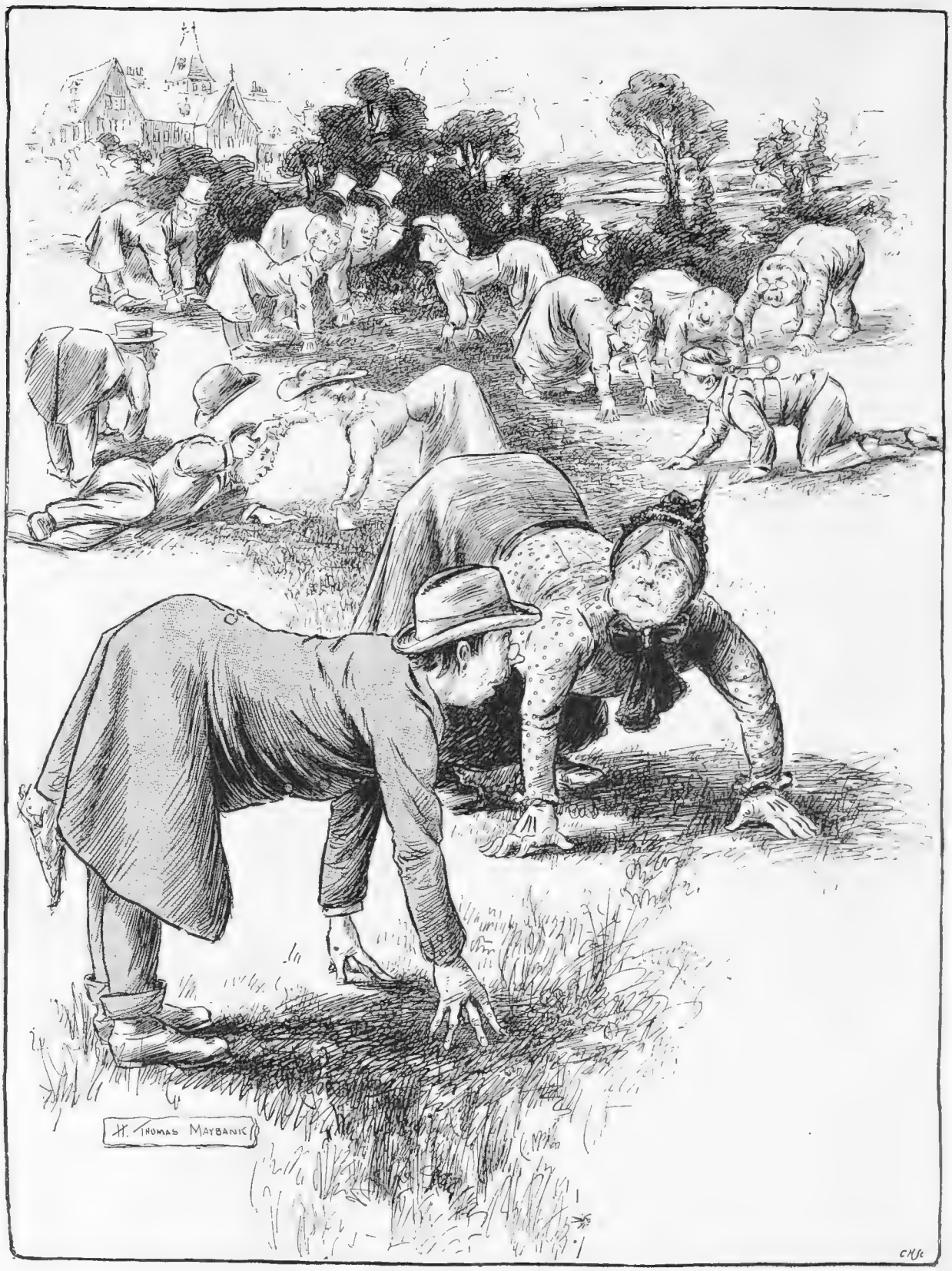
Miss Constance Hyem

Who understudies Miss Ellaline Terriss in the *rôle* of Pansy in "The Cherry Girl"

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Miss Kathleen McKay

Who played in "My Lady Molly" during the recent run at Terry's Theatre



"Hygiene" on all Fours

A correspondent sends us the following item from Berlin:

A small hospital home has just been fitted up in Berlin, where a very remarkable kind of treatment is to be experimented. It consists in making the patients walk on all fours, with the idea that this is the natural position of man, and that the upright pose is contrary to hygiene. They attribute all the ills to which humanity is heir to the fact that the internal organs are displaced owing to a false attitude, obliging the abdominal muscles to endure efforts not intended for them, and thus causing many diseases. The patients are at first limited to twenty minutes' exercise on all fours at a time, but this, four times a day. *(The above illustration represents our artist's idea of the patients at exercise.)*

POLO AT HOME AND ABROAD

Polo Prospects at Home

There is every reason to expect that the coming polo season will be a very good one, if only we do not have a repetition of the disastrous weather experienced last summer. During the autumn, the members of the Hurlingham Polo Committee have revised the rules of the game, and imposed further restrictions on dangerous play. Viscount Valentia, by the way, who is the permanent chairman of the above committee, which is the governing body of polo, was one of the earliest players in England, and when a subaltern in the 10th Hussars helped his regiment to beat the 9th Lancers in the first polo match on record. The game was played on Hounslow Heath, and the teams were eight a side, that of the 9th Lancers including the late Lord William Beresford. Ordinary hockey sticks were used, and the players were mounted on little 12.2 ponies.

The English Inter-Regimental

As of yore, interest will, of course, chiefly centre in the Inter-Regimental Tournament. This competition, which lapsed during the war, was revived last year under new conditions, approved by the Commander-in-Chief, the principal innovation being the playing off of the preliminary ties at local military stations. The semi-finals and final will be decided at Hurlingham during the week ending July 9. Last year, when there was a splendid entry of sixteen teams, the winners were the 17th Lancers, captained by their commanding officer, Colonel Douglas Haig, some time of the 7th Hussars. The 17th, however, will be without his services this year, for he is now Inspector-General of Cavalry in India.

Other Leading Tournaments

Two other important competitions are the Hurlingham Champion Cup, which was won last year by Rugby, and the Ranelagh Open Challenge Cup, held by the Old Cantabs. The former tournament takes place during the second week in June, while the latter trophy will be played for between June 20 and June 25. Roehampton will be represented in all the leading tournaments this season by the three brothers Nickalls, who last year played as "Old Oxonians," and either Captain Hardross Lloyd, who used to play back for the

Photo by *Rouch*

Lord Shrewsbury on his Polo Mount, "Conceit"

Photo by *Rouc*

A Famous Player on a Famous Ground: Mr. Foxhall Keene Coming in from the Field to Change Ponies at Hurlingham

Photo by *Rouch*

Mr. F. M. Freake, of the Old Cantabs Team, who is Reputed to be One of the Best No. 2's in England

Photo by **The Rugby Polo Team** *Rouch*

Capt. E. D. Miller Mr. G. A. Miller Mr. Walter Jones Mr. C. D. Miller

Photo by **Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, an International Player and Old Cantab** *Rouch*

4th Dragoon Guards, or Captain H. Wilson. The Junior Championship Cup, at Roehampton, in which no Recent Form List player may compete, is fixed for the week ending July 2, and the Public Schools Cup, for old boy teams, a fortnight later.

Mr. G. A. Miller's Accident

The news of the serious accident that befell Mr. George Miller last month, while pig-sticking, came as a great shock to his many friends. Mr. Miller, who had a sporting trip to India with Mr. Walter Jones, of the Rugby team, and Captain H. Wilson, had a serious relapse, which necessitated an operation on Christmas Day. He was for some time in a critical condition, but is now getting better, and his brother, Captain E. D. Miller, has gone out to India to bring him home. Mr. George Miller is the best goal-hitter now playing, and he and Mr. Freake, of the Old Cantabs team, are the best No. 2's in England.

The Rugby Polo Team

A Good Polo Record

Since their arrival in India, some three years ago, the 15th Hussars have done very well at polo. In 1901 they worked their way into the final of the Inter-Regimental, but were beaten by the 20th Hussars. They won the Cup, however, in 1902, and successfully defended their title again last year, besides winning the Lucknow Tournament. Their last team consisted of Lord Kensington, the Hon. J. D. Bingham, Mr. A. Courage and Mr. F. W. Barrett, but Lord Kensington left the Service on his marriage last summer.

Introduction of Polo into England

The 10th Hussars, who contested the final last year with the 15th Hussars, may be said to have introduced the game of polo into England. Major Lord William Bentinck, who died suddenly the other day at Ismailia while on his way to rejoin his regiment, was one of their best players; he helped them to win the Hurlingham Inter-Regimental in 1893, and continued to play for them in that tournament until 1899. This year their representatives were Sir John Milbanke, Lieut.-Colonel Kavanagh, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. E. Baring, and the Hon. F. W. Stanley. The 10th have won the Indian Inter-Regimental twice—in 1881 and 1882; on the former occasion the late Lord Airlie—the donor in 1884 of the Indian Infantry Cup—was in their team.

The Indian Inter-Regimental

Among the other likely competitors in the forthcoming tournament are the 4th Hussars, who won the Cup in 1899, when Mr. Winston Churchill, who has now forsaken soldiering for politics, played for them. Their two best players are Major Reginald Hoare and Captain R. W. R. Barnes. The 3rd Hussars have not done much in the polo way, neither have the Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards), although they have, since the war, gained a notable recruit in the person of Captain Godfrey Heseltine, of the famous Old Cantabs polo team The 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards are an exceptionally keen polo regiment, but they have never yet managed to win the Cup. Since 1896 they have three times reached the semi-final round, and on four other occasions they have contested the final. Their success would be a very popular one in India, and is by no means improbable, for in the great Durbar Tournament last January they beat the 15th Hussars (the Cup holders) by four goals to two. The 12th Lancers competed in the last Inter-Regimental, but were beaten after a hard game in the first round by the Rifle Brigade. They used to have a very successful polo pony club run by Major Egerton Green, now manager of Hurlingham.

L. V. L. S.

"JACOB"

By HENRY MURRAY

My initial knowledge of him began and ended with his Christian name. To this day I have not the faintest idea of what his other name might be, where he lived, or what his occupation was. As our acquaintance developed—on peculiar lines to be presently described—I learned a good deal more about certain aspects, at least, of his personality than I have ever known about a great many other people with whom I have been vastly more intimate. I came to know Jacob very well indeed, and developed a sort of affection for him, which has remained intact across all the years—more than I quite care to count—which have elapsed since I made his acquaintance. Jacob's remembrances of me, if he is still alive and in a condition to remember anything at all, are probably of a colder cast.

I am not sure how I came to know that his name *was* Jacob. I had known him by sight—as well as I ever did know him—some time before I learned that fact. He was on the verge of early manhood, some five years older than myself. He was tall, with loosely knit limbs and a shambling gait. His eyes were of an indeterminate, watery blue, and he had a fluffy yellow down of beard, moustache, and whisker, which looked as much out of place on his vacuous countenance as it would have done upon the face of a baby in arms. His scheme of facial expression was limited to a panoramic display of every conceivable tinge of sheepish apology. In his happier moods it expressed a sort of feeble perkiness. In moments of depression it bespoke an abysmal depth of equally feeble self-depreciation. His voice was a bleat, his laugh a proclamation of self-conscious imbecility. I passed him four times a day on my journeys to and from school, he going, as I infer, to and from his daily business, though what that business could possibly have been I had not then the curiosity to discover and have not now the imagination to conceive. With that cubbish and unlicked sense of humour proper to my age, it occurred to me that it would be funny to claim Jacob—merely on the strength of knowing that his name was Jacob—as an intimate friend, and see how he would take it. I accosted him accordingly with a cheerfully casual, "Morning, Jacob!" such as I might have bestowed, in passing, on an old acquaintance with whom pressing business alone precluded a longer interview. The greeting evidently shook him to the roots of his being, and I felt that Jacob was thenceforth my natural prey. Meeting him three hours later, on my way home to lunch, I saw, while I was yet afar off, that he was conscious of my approach, and was greatly disquieted. He had not the presence of mind to cross the road or bolt down a side-street, but came to meet his doom "like birds the charming serpent draws" I repeated my former greeting, this time in a subdued, saddened, sympathetic tone, as if I had just heard that he had recently lost a relative; and I am sure, from his entire aspect when I again met him as I went to afternoon class, that he had passed the intervening time in wondering why I pitied him so profoundly. Again I varied my intonation of the magic syllables, delivering them with a rollicking, congratulatory gaiety; and again Jacob obviously marvelled—this time as to what unknown good fortune had befallen him. Meeting him for the fourth and last time that day, I bent upon him an eye of dolorous, but magnanimous, reproach, as on one who had somehow fallen short of my standard of nobility, but whom I loved too tenderly to rebuke, and Jacob's desire to apologise was as evident as his ignorance of having given any offence. I tried the entire gamut of vocal and facial expression on him, and never knew him fail to respond with some feeble reflex of the sentiment I simulated. With no pedagogic intention, I must have been a most valuable educational influence in Jacob's life. I was as excellent a stimulus to his emotional powers as a well-selected course of drama and fiction, and the mental exercise he must have taken in trying to anticipate the tone of my next greeting—not to mention his perpetual wonder as to why I should accost him at all—must have done him a world of good.

My last meeting with Jacob occurred on a certain fine summer afternoon, when I met him at the angle of a country road, in company with an elderly lady, clad in rustling Sabbath silks, and of a sour and puritanic cast of countenance. My greeting consisted, as always, in speaking his Christian name, this time in a tone so suggestive of a long and intimate co-partnership with him in every conceivable secret wickedness, and accompanied by a lingering, slowly executed wink, expressive of so much admiration of Jacob's ineffable devilry of character, that his companion fairly gasped. "Jacob!" I heard her indignantly demand, "who *is* that boy, and what have you two been doing together?" I heard Jacob's responsive bleat, but not his words. "You don't know him!" said the old lady scornfully, "Stuff and rubbidge! Don't tell *me!*" "I *don't* know him!" wailed Jacob. "Oh, what a thing it is when a cove's own aunt won't believe him!" The increasing distance made further dialogue inaudible.

I have never seen Jacob since that afternoon, and have no notion what became of him, or how he vanished from my ken. Perhaps he ran away, rather than encounter me any more, though I hardly think he had enough initiative for that. Perhaps the old lady, unconvinced by his disclaimer, removed him from the sphere of an influence so nefarious. I know, in these later years, that my conduct towards Jacob was wicked and unjustifiable. I would not behave so to anybody now; and, if Jacob should chance to see this account of our acquaintance, he will understand that I am sorry, and that I sincerely apologise to him.

(All rights reserved)

I am asked to give the rules of Progressive Bridge. The variations of Bridge proper, Dummy Bridge, Auction, Duplicate, and Progressive Bridge are described very clearly in Foster's "Bridge Tactics," for those who want a change from the proper game.

Progressive Bridge

1. Two hands are played at each table, in order that each side may have a deal and a declaration.

2. When these two hands have been played, the scores are added up, and the partners who have made the greatest number of points are given a token of some kind, to show that they are the winners.

3. The winners then leave the table at which they have played, the lady going to the next table above, and the gentleman to the next table below that at which they have been sitting.

4. The losers do not move.

5. The lady takes as partner for the next two hands the gentleman she finds at the table above, who was one of the losers on the last round; the gentleman takes as his partner for the next two hands the lady he finds at the table below, who was one of the losers on the last round.

6. If at the end of two hands the scores of the players at a table are equal, either they may cut for the privilege of taking the winning tokens and moving, or they may play another hand. It is better to arrange which of these courses is to be followed at the beginning of the evening, before play begins. Also, it is, on the whole, better to cut, for two other tables are kept waiting while the extra hand is being played.

7. The game ends either at a fixed time, or after a certain number of deals.

8. The players who have received the greatest number of winning tokens are the winners.

It is Mr. Foster's opinion that this is a very sociable game, but that the result is more a matter of luck than of skill. I agree with him.

I am growing more and more doubtful of the wisdom of the eldest hand's leading a spade first, when Dummy has declared that suit and pone has doubled it. It is my experience that it turns out to be a bad lead nearly twice in three times; for a player often doubles a deferred spade declaration on much less strength in trumps than he doubles any other declaration, and it is often to his advantage to let his opponents lead them. On the whole it is best for the leader to be guided by his own hand in the matter of leading a spade first; and if he has the ace and king of a suit, it will generally prove advantageous to lead the king, and so get a look at Dummy.

I am pleased to learn that I am supported by Constantinople in my suggestion that No-trumps should score 10 and not 12 a trick. That is the practice in that city, which claims to be the original home of the game, and to have exported it, *viâ* India, to England, and so to the rest of Europe. I consider the support really valuable, since Constantinople has enjoyed twenty years' experience of the game.

Queries respecting our Bridge Competition

In the matter of our competition, a competitor writes complaining of the difficulty of playing four hands spread on the table before your eyes, in the same way as if you only saw your own and dummy's. I recognise this necessary difficulty; but, really, it is chiefly a matter of being stern with one's self, following strictly the rules laid down for leading and play, and preserving an exact impartiality. Before you play a card from any hand, try and abstract that hand from the two which you would not be seeing in a four-handed game, and be guided in your play only by the cards which have fallen. You will soon find this mental process sufficiently easy; and, if you follow the rules, it is not difficult to play rightly.

You can avoid this difficulty, however, by getting someone to arrange the hands as set out in the coupon, face downwards on the table, and then play them with three other good players, discussing the difficult points of play afterwards. If you cannot get these three other players, at any rate get someone to arrange the hands for you, and lay them, face downwards, on the table; that will make the declaration, at any rate, easier, and probably the doubling.

Another competitor asks if the rubber is so mapped out that it comes to an end on a certain date, and whether a competitor who sends in his, or her, solution each week will be at a disadvantage compared with those who send in their solutions all together at the end. The rubber is certainly mapped out; but I shall give competitors full notice of its ending, a week before the last hand, and shall also give them a full week after it to send in their solutions.

There is no need to put the full score of the rubber up to that hand on each solution; but the number of the coupon should be written on each one. Many competitors are only pinning the name and address form on each solution; but the coupon proper includes also the hand. Owing to the demands on the space at my disposal made by answers to queries about the competition I am compelled to hold over, until next issue, the usual weekly problem.

PROBLEMATICUS.

[Communications to The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.L.C.—The problem is an instance of the danger of the Highest of Shortest Suit Convention.

A.M.H.H.—Notice will be given, and you will be at no disadvantage.

A.K., Little Mary, Yarrow, F.C.N., C.W.H., etc.—Please cut out the whole coupon, or number your solutions.

Books Received

"Foster's Bridge Tactics," by R. F. Foster. (Mudie). "The Laws of Vint," by E. Hoffman and A. von Rennenkampff. Edited by F. W. Haddan. (Nutt).

OUR BRIDGE COMPETITION

A FIRST PRIZE OF £25

And Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 1s. each for Playing Out a Rubber

The First Prize of £25 in cash will be given for the best solution of the declarations and play of the hands of the rubber. There will be, moreover, ten Consolation Prizes of one guinea each, for the next best solutions.

THE FIFTH HAND

In the present number the fifth hand of the rubber is offered for solution. Eight hands in all will be given, one hand each week. Solutions may be sent in each week, or kept till the closing date is announced.

Competitors should read the rules very carefully.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the declaration, and play of a hand, cut out the coupon, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and, when the closing date is announced, enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor,
THE BYSTANDER,
Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for making a certain declaration, for doubling, re-doubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played in the ordinary way, four players playing. It is *not* a Double Dummy rubber; and each player is supposed only to see his own hand and that of dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that each player should play as well as possible according to what he knows of his own hand and dummy's, and learns from the play of his partner and opponents.

8. The players have adopted the Heart Convention for the reasons set forth in Nos. I. & II. of THE BYSTANDER.

9. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

10. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solution; thus—Declaration. No Trumps. A. B. win 8 tricks. Y. Z. 5 tricks.

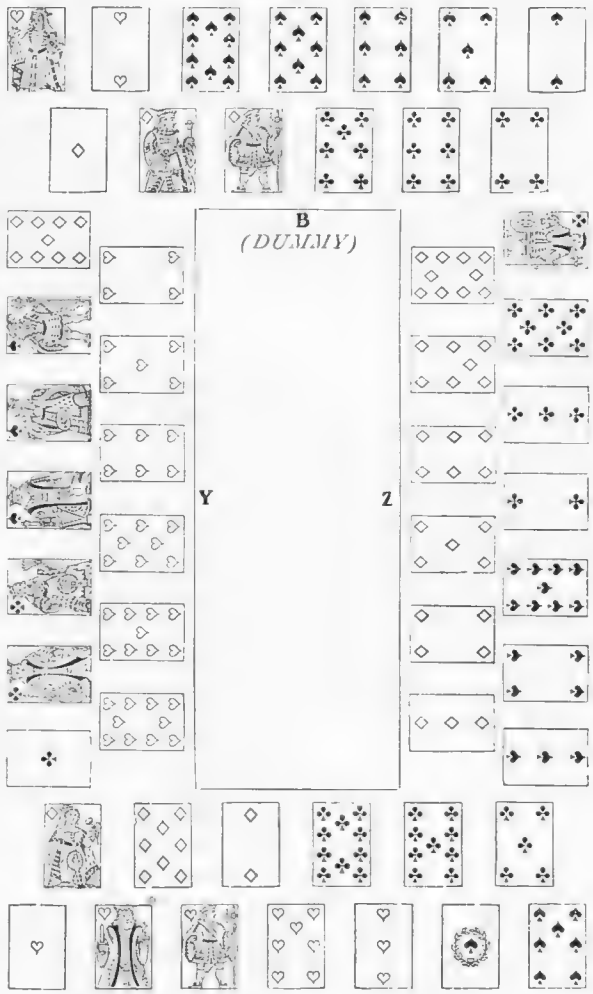
11. Competitors are advised to keep the score of the rubber by them, since, as it progresses, the declaration will be influenced by the score.

12. A competitor may enter the competition at any point in it. Back numbers of THE BYSTANDER may be procured from any newsagent; or from The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

[N.B.—Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chance of the Prize. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.]

COUPON V.

HAND V.



A deals.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Nom de guerre or initials .....

This competition began in our issue of Wednesday, January 6 Competitors may join any week by obtaining back numbers of "The Bystander."

The Season of Hope

Early as it is, the season of hope has already set in in the garden. The long procession of spring bulbs has started on its way to the glories of April. The snowdrops are in full flower, and the scillas and crocuses are preparing their drifts of colour, which will soon brighten the bare borders and the freshening green of the grass. One can look forward, now that the winter sleep is nearing its end, to constant and increasing interest to enliven those contemplative wanderings which are one of the chief pleasures of the garden lover. But many bleak and inclement days remain to us before we find ourselves in the haven of full spring beauty, and the thinking over and planning of new garden effects will still be done, for the most part, in the shelter of the house.

Paper Gardening

One of the most engrossing employments of the weather-bound flower-grower is that which is called "paper gardening." Neither in a new garden, which has to be designed and planted from the first, nor in one where new effects are to be carried out or old ones improved, must anything be done without careful forethought; and the best way to prepare for the actual work of planting, is to ply pencil and paper diligently beforehand, so that, when the actual work is taken in hand, you may go forward without uncertainty, knowing precisely what effects you wish to gain, and admitting no hesitation in your methods of obtaining them. Nobody would fail, I suppose, to do this in the case of roses, where so many plants will fill exactly so much space, planted at fixed intervals, and it would be impossible to proceed without some sort of pre-arranged plan, however rough. But in the case of borders for hardy perennials, for instance, a definite scheme, decided on beforehand, is often lacking, with the result that, as planting proceeds, the gardener gets confused in his mind, and, towards the end of the task, plants are apt to be poked into any odd space without any connection with the intended broad effect.

Photo by **Newstead Abbey: The Residence of the Misses Webb** *Keene*
Where the old-fashioned type of English garden is cultivated

Photo by *Keene*

On the Terrace at Newstead Abbey

Photo by *Keene*

The Stew Pond, or Vivarium, in the Grounds of Newstead Abbey

Labels and Plans

A plan is of the highest value in planting a border for the first time, and when the border is planted it is of value still. Labels are excellent things, and the more permanent they are the better. The memory of few of us is strong enough to hold the position of every group of plants in a wide space, and, even if it were, there are friends who want to know what certain growths portend, and everybody has probably experienced those curious lapses of memory which result in vain searchings of the mind for something thoroughly familiar. But labels are apt to be shifted, or to disappear altogether, and they do not indicate the bounds of groups of dormant plants, which it is necessary to know, in order to prevent overcrowding. The only way to maintain a thorough grasp of the contents of a large border is to make a plan of it to scale, and when this has been done, and the position of every plant in it set down in black and white, or, better still, in colour, all the thinking that has to be done in order to get the best effects from it, all the consulting of nurserymen's catalogues, and the making out of the consequent order lists, can be done with this plan spread out in front of you; and everything will go forward with a certainty impossible to obtain by any other method.

The Garden Book

A plan such as I have suggested is only one out of the many ways in which "paper gardening" can be made useful and pleasurable. I should recommend every gardener to keep a "Garden Book." It should be of a fair size, but not so big that it cannot be taken about without trouble in the garden itself for purposes of reference. If it can be procured with its leaves made up of paper ruled off into tiny squares, it will be found of immense assistance in reckoning measurements of any plans that may find a place in it, but a few sheets of this paper, which can easily be procured, may be inserted when they are required into an ordinary quarto manuscript book, which will then be just as useful. In this book everything will be recorded—orders to nurserymen and dates of plantings; suggestions, references, ideas, and intentions; a garden diary, as full or meagre as may be desired; plans; notes on the habits of one's various horticultural possessions; the cost of the garden—wages, purchases, carriage, etc. The value of a book of this sort will grow as the years go on and successive volumes find their places on the gardening book-shelves.

Index and Decorate

Let the book have a carefully compiled index, which must be kept up as it is proceeded with, or it will not be done at all; and, to give it an additional attraction, paste into it an occasional photograph of the garden, or part of the garden, of which it is the record. Put these in your "Garden Book," and anything else you can think of to add to its value and interest, and it will come, in time, to be one of the most cherished volumes in your possession.

Photo by *Knowles*

A Famous Devonshire Farmhouse

A very beautiful farmhouse is the ancient and historical Barton, lying within a mile of the picturesque town of North Tawton, on the Borderland of Dartmoor. The Barton was originally built in 1500. The stone kitchen will seat nearly one hundred guests. Large oaken beams support the roof, and a narrow passage, with a finely carved ceiling, leads the way to the drawing-room.

Hunting

The Garth Hunt

Were the relative charms of fox-hunting countries to be adjudged solely by picturesque environments, it is certain that the Garth Hunt would be held in even higher esteem than is the case at the present moment. Rolling miles of heather, liberally interspersed with pine woods, great stretches of wild, semi-moorland plain, and sylvan retreats which have been transformed by the hand of man into demesnes of unrivalled beauties, constitute the predominant element within its boundaries. To these scenic attractions, let it be added, thanks to an ideally popular executive, foxes, and strong wild ones, too, are plentiful throughout the country; that, for the next part, a holding scent can be confidently expected; and that, in every other respect, no effort or accessory is lacking to ensure good sport. The country is more than able to sustain the allotted four days a week, covering an area of some twenty miles square in the counties of Berks, Hants, and Surrey, while the accessibility of its fixtures, and the careful observance of certain days for certain districts are supplementary factors in the high favour which has conduced to large fields with the Garth Hunt of recent years.

Its History

On the cognomen and *raison d'etre* of the establishment it would be superfluous to dilate, for the retirement of the veteran master, in 1902, at the close of fifty years of remarkably successful control, is still fresh in every memory. Mr. Garth's immediate predecessor was Mr. Wheble, whose reign, however, as far as the Hunt in its present state is concerned, only lasted for two seasons; but from 1817 to 1850 Sir John Cope, of Bramshill (still a favourite meet), presided over the Hunt in goodly style; while records are still in existence of Mr. St. John's still earlier tenure of office, which period of seven years would seem to have commenced in 1810. As to the precise circumstances of Mr. Wheble's dominions some little explanation is required. On Sir John Cope's retirement, in 1850, Mr. Wheble took over his country in its entirety, but on Mr. Garth's accession, a large slice of territory in the South was retained by Mr. Wheble, from which arrangement dates the formation of the South Berks Hunt, though it is doubtful whether the latter hunt could ever have maintained its independence but for sundry loans of territory, and complex transactions being necessitated by the vicissitudes of the adjoining Vine Hunt.

With the Garth Foxhounds: The Meet at Bramshill Park, the Country Seat of Sir Anthony Cope

Mr. R. H. Gosling, the Master of the Garth, appears in the Foreground of the Photograph

Present Circumstances

On Mr. Garth's resignation a peculiar interest was mingled with universal regret, a rumour having gained currency that the recently defunct Royal Hunt would be resuscitated by the Sovereign and his representatives. That such a transference was not effected is eminently a matter of congratulation to all concerned. Mr. Gosling's long and intimate acquaintance with this district, as well as his unflagging ardour for the chase, marked him at once as the most suitable successor to Mr. Garth, and his acquiescence to the cordial request of the whole countryside was hailed with the utmost satisfaction. Bert Thatcher, who was selected to carry the horn, has proved an unqualified success, while the pack, which had of late years, without positively deteriorating, lost somewhat of its pristine character, owing to limited production of home-bred hounds, was thoroughly renovated and improved by judicious purchases of the best blood. With the change of mastership was also entailed the erection of new kennels, which are now situated at Beenham's Heath, close to Mr. Gosling's residence at Waltham St. Lawrence, which, if not precisely in the centre of the country, being but little removed from the South Berks boundary, is, in many other respects, a particularly favoured base of operations.

L. J. B.

The Huntsman of the Garth Trying a Covert

The Garth Foxhounds: The Huntsman and Pack

The Garth Foxhounds: A Glimpse of the Field

The Garth Hounds in Full Cry

Coursing

Coursing on the Essex Marshes

That coursing of the best stamp is still possible on the Rainham and Wennington marshes, only a little over twelve miles from London, is a remarkable tribute to the vitality of the South Essex Coursing Club. Hares naturally get fewer every season, and after the experience of driving them to the slipper at the autumn meeting it was decided to walk them at the meeting, when the card for the January fixture was issued. Lovers of open country coursing prefer this method to the comparatively modern system of driving; followers get more exercise, and on such bright days as those on which the recent meeting was held, the walking from marsh to marsh, necessary to get the number of trials required, proved most enjoyable. B.

Going Home

Walking up the Hares
The illustration shows Mr. J. Brice and Mr. W. Souch

Waiting their Turn
The hound on the left of the picture is "Oxford Stranger," that on the right "Rupert

Putting a Brace of Hounds in Slips

THE SOUTH ESSEX CLUB COURSING MEETING AT RAINHAM

The Weir Railway Bridge, Galway River

The opposite side to where the anglers are shown wading is called "The Drain," and in this short stretch extraordinary catches of salmon are made every season

The Weir House, Galway River

In the vicinity of which an average of a thousand salmon falls to the lot of the angler every season

THE FAMOUS GALWAY SALMON FISHERY

"When the Kye cames Hame"

Drawn by Harry Rowntree.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Past and Present Status of Professionals

Nothing more clearly marks the change which has come over the spirit of golf than the status of professionals to-day, as compared with that of their predecessors. In this matter even the *Laudator temporis acti* would be hard put to it to sustain his favourite thesis. We do not need to take a very long period of years, twenty will suffice, to show how enormously things have improved for the professionals. Twenty years ago the professionals had no powerful corporation to look after their interests. The trade was practically in the hands of a few great firms such as Tom Morris, Forgan, Willie Park, and a few others. Golf, in those days, was really a spring and summer game for the great mass of its devotees, and the professional had to rely mainly on his summer season for the success of his business. In fact the professional class, from highest to lowest, including the caddies, was, with few exceptions, in very much the position of the grasshopper of Lafontaine's fable; the summer singing was very often succeeded by the winter destitution. The inevitable result of this was that the weaker vessels went to the wall; the prosperity of the summer and the hardship of the winter unbalanced all but the strongest characters. A leading professional or a favourite caddie could look forward to the winter with equanimity; not so the large majority, who found themselves more or less stranded after the season was over.

Caddies Past and Present

For the purposes of my theme I will take St. Andrews as a leading illustration. In the early eighties we had no caddy master at the club to look after the interests of employers and employed alike, nor had the municipality taken in hand the rating and reguatioln of the classes of caddies. Every member made his own arrangements, and, as one walked down to the club from the station, or from one's house, one had to run the gauntlet of clamorous caddies eager for a job. Some of the caddies were regular tatterdemalions, out at elbows and toes. I can remember well an incident which caused me a good deal of inconvenience at the moment, but over which I can now heartily laugh. I had engaged a caddie by the week, and I noticed that as we came towards the end of the morning round he lagged more and more behind, a painful limp having prominently developed on his part. His boots were terrible objects to contemplate, and on my asking the reason of his lagging he explained that what he was pleased to call his boots caused him intense pain. I inquired the cost of a new pair, and gave him the money for them at the end of the round. After lunch, on my appearing for my second round, I could not see my caddy anywhere. Repeated inquiries among his friends at last elicited the information that he had "drunk his shoon," and that he was at that moment sleeping off the effects of his leathery carouse. Next day—although, of course, not carrying for me—I saw him limping round carrying for someone else in the same old ragged pair of boots. He had used my money the previous day merely as a means of varying his customary occupation; carrying of spirits had taken the place of carrying of clubs. Such an incident as this was by no means unusual in those days. Any morning one might find a strange caddy at the first tee waiting with one's clubs, and, on asking for one's Jock, or Sandy, or Bob, as the case might be, one was told that he was "having his time," and had delegated his duties as caddy to a relation. This

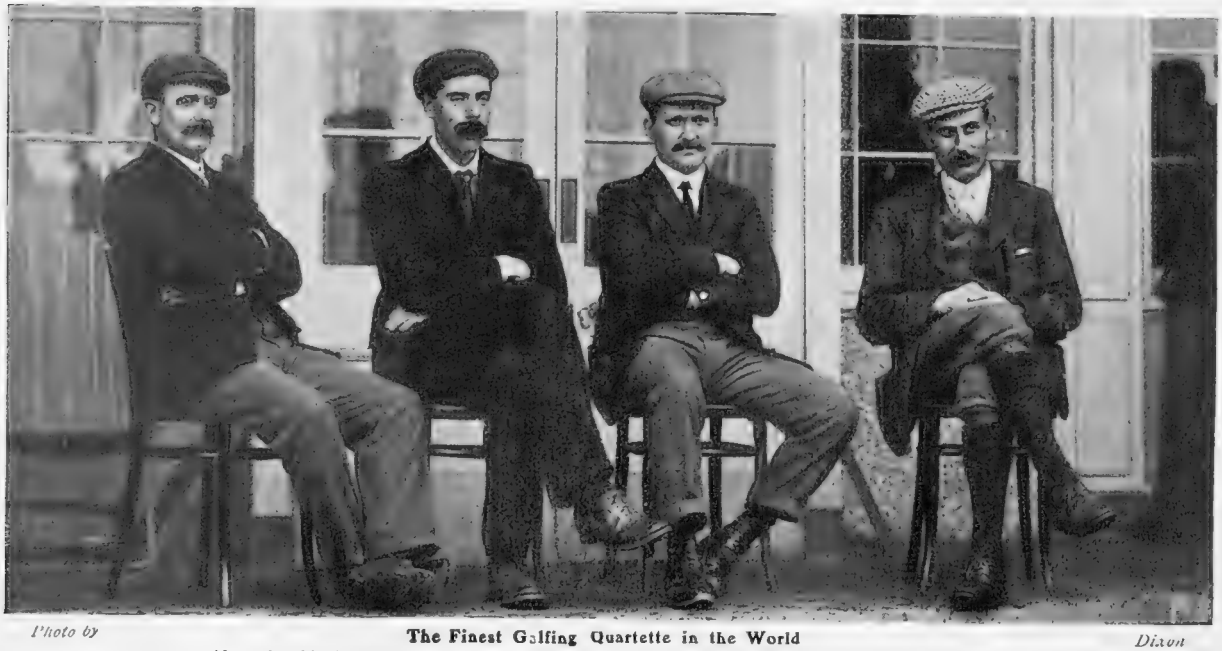


Photo by **The Finest Golfing Quartette in the World** *Dixon*

Alexander Herd James Braid J H Taylor Harry Vardon

Photo by *Dixon*

Mr. Marshall Hall Playing on the Deal Links

This photograph gives a good idea of the famous K.C.'s peculiar method of putting

"time" sometimes spread over quite a week, during which, furtive glimpses of a forlorn carcase might be caught at odd corners, the "spiritual," or rather "spirituous," remains of one's caddy. Then the next week Jock would be back, looking sheepish, but once more clothed and in his right mind, and would probably not relapse during the rest of the season. Now, I will not go so far as to say that such unhappy incidents are impossible at the present day, but they are very exceptional, and the whole morale of the caddy ranks has vastly improved. Employment is much more regular; there are benefit funds on which the unemployed can fall back during the bad months; steady caddies can look forward to improving and raising themselves to the higher ranks of the professionals by serving apprenticeships in the shops; while the enormous demand for good and trustworthy young lads to take charge of greens all over the world, has immensely increased the chances of all ranks of the profession.

Encouragement of Play Among Caddies Usual at Most Clubs

Very many clubs encourage play among their caddies by arranging periodical competitions among them. A caddy who plays the game makes always a far better caddy than one who never plays. One of the main reasons of the great superiority of the Scottish caddies to their English compeers was that they all played themselves, knew the game from A to Z, and consequently took an intelligent interest in their master's match. I shall never forget a diminutive Scottish caddy who was carrying for my father, and who had watched the latter's poor strokes in pitying silence, suddenly stopping and greeting my astonished parent with the scathing remark, "Oh, but ye *are* a duffer." Nowadays, as I say, most of the English clubs encourage play among their caddies. To this system we owe such great players as the Vardons, Renouf, and Ray, all of whom had their play fostered by the wise benevolence of the Jersey Golf Club. I do not think I can give better advice to any golf club committee, where such a system is not yet in vogue, than to institute it without delay; they will find that their caddies will greatly improve, and mutual benefit will be sure to result. Who knows, too, what "mute inglorious Vardon" may not, by such means, get the chance of developing into the wonder of the coming age?

The Professional Golfer's Association

This Association was only started a little over two years ago, but in that short space of time it has done wonders. At first the Scottish professionals held aloof, but now that they have joined, the Association may be said to embrace all sections of professional golfers. No finer day's work was ever done for the interests of professional golfers than the founding of this corporation. Among its many excellent features, I would specially single out the benefit fund and the employment agency, every member subscribing annually to the former, and relying on it for assistance during illness or misfortune, while he is able to look to the latter for aid in finding employment when needed. Apart from this social side, the Association holds periodical competitions among all its sections, thus bringing forward young players and giving them the chance of familiarising themselves with the play of the leading players, and of gaining valuable experience so necessary for success in big competitions.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Proportion

How is it that so many otherwise levelheaded individuals seem to lose all sense of proportion directly they begin to tackle the motor-car question? A successful tradesman, having relinquished the shop, or a retired official, having won his hard-earned pension, decides, we will assume, to set up a horse and trap, and, being sensible men, before entering on a warfare, they first of all count the cost. Such a one, in his wildest dreams, never contemplates the contingency of driving down the High Street of his native borough tooling a four-in-hand. No. He deliberately selects, in company with some honest "vet.," an amiable-looking quadruped which he conceives to be likely to suit his purpose, which is, that it should haul around, without demur or confusion, some sort of modest vehicle. This laudable frame of mind, however, completely appears to desert him if, as an alternative, he desires that the vehicle should be self-impelled by machinery. Caution is thrown to the winds; four cylinders, or three, at the least, is the minimum he can "do with;" it must be capable of travelling at least thirty miles an hour; he chooses it (or his wife may) on account of the beautiful gloss of the rich blue paint, or of the comfort of the cushions, and, after three weeks of heroic efforts to make it go, in the end finds himself suffering from nervous collapse, and so has to engage a *chauffeur* to look after it. That this is so is undeniable, else why so many advertisements of large and expensive cars for sale, "would take small single-cylinder car in part payment"?

The Fair

"Where are you going to my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-motoring, sir," she said (*sotto voce* "on my own, too"), is an increasingly heard refrain. Does the blest damosel of 1904, with nerves of iron, make a pet of some small and simple runabout? Not she. Four cylinders again—mechanically operated valves—the heroine of this particular rencounter had decided on.

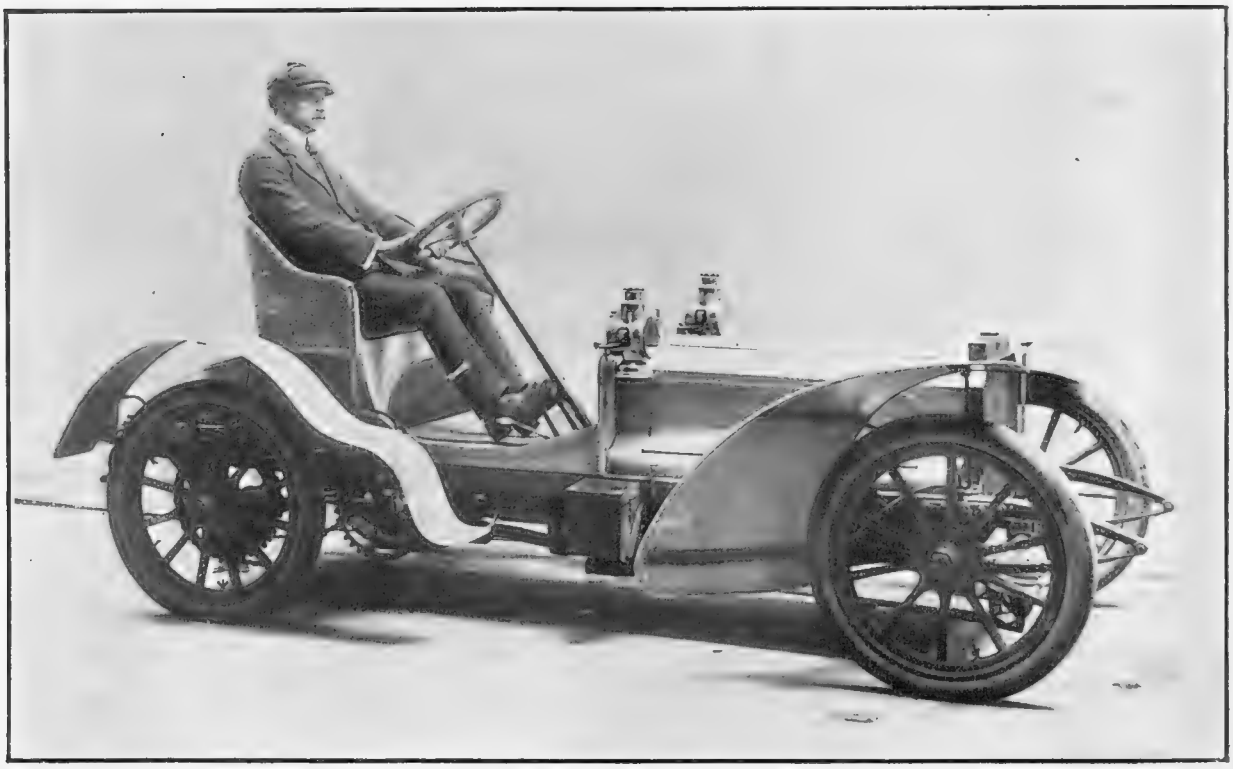
"Oh, yes; *such* a nice big Tonneau to take out all my friends, and——"

"Where are you going to keep it, dear lady?"

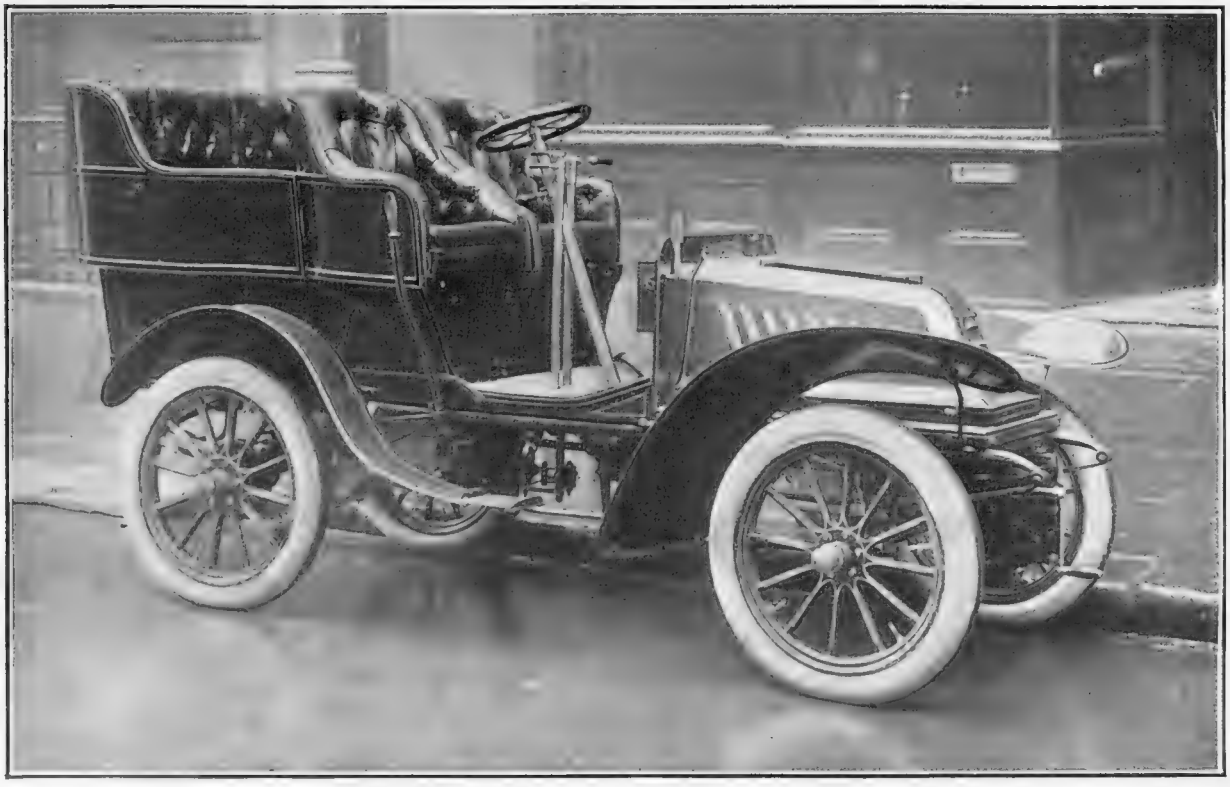
"Oh, in a *garage;* only ten shillings a week—*and* the petrol. Shan't have a man—just call for it when I want it."

"'Fraid you'll find it an awful expense."

"Oh, *dear* no; that's just where you silly men are all so wrong; the man will wash it, and they *guarantee* that nothing will go wrong with it for three years. Isn't that nice?"



The Peugeot Racing Car
Which recently won the first prize in the Gaillon Hill-climbing Competition



The New 1904 Model De Dion Bouton Motor Carriage
This car is fitted with a Tonneau body, having bucket seats, and has an 8-h.p. engine with two forward speeds and reverse

"Suppose a crank bearing gets loose?"

"How can you be so ridiculous; they never do, but *if* one did, why—the man——"

"Jes' so, jes' so but how much——?"

"Five shillings, I daresay."

"To take the whole engine down, of that sort of car, and put it together again, would cost you five pounds, more likely."

"*Good*-bye. I never met such a prejudiced creature. Take you out in it one day soon, *good*-bye!" is the sweet Innocent's parting shot. Youth, good looks, troops of friends, what shall all these avail her in the days of strife which darkly loom ahead? *Why* can't she run an Oldsmobile?

The Toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.

We, who have "been there," know *why* the toad knows, and *what* he knows, and the fewer "points" there are in the harrow the better he comes out of the welter. So with motor-cars for amateurs, and more particularly for ladies.

Lamps

The Local Government Board has recently promulgated regulations anent lamps that wil cause some searching of heart, both amongst users and makers of acetylene head-lights. These accessories, like many others in connection with the modern motor-car, have been now pretty well carried to the "freak" stage, and a lamp of, say, 2,500 candle power, although most excellent and appropriate on the top of the Eddystone Lighthouse, is now deemed *de trop* in Piccadilly by the powers that be, and small blame to them. The regulations are most vague, but the point is, that some fitting must exist to enable the light to be reduced in volume, when necessary, probably by dropping some sort of screen o curtain over it; but, if cars are to travel about the country, winking and blinking like the well-known Grisnez light, confusion will be worse confounded. The present writer finds that to substitute either an "opal" or "ground" glass in the place of the ordinary clear one in front, merely diffuses the light, does away with the glare and dazzle, and appears generally to meet the case. Lamps, after all, are not fireworks, but are intended to prevent our driving over our esteemed but intoxicated fellow-creatures on Saturday nights, and quite ordinary, modest ones suffice for this.

"1904 Types"

Manufacturers—in order, possibly, to stimulate the demand—have a gentle way of referring to their latest types of cars as if they were the only articles worth having; but this is a phase that will soon pass away. We hear nothing of the 1904 bicycle, sewing machine, typewriter, or watch. These pieces of machinery have settled down each into its proper walk in life, and so has the motor-car, if the public only did but know it. Practically the whole of the 1904 "improvements" are merely additional, and, in most cases, unnecessary and even vexatious complications, which are best carefully avoided.

Red Numbers

Some of the worst of the road hogs have been motor-car professionals, as may easily be seen by comparing the records of convictions week by week, with the doings, duly chronicled, of those great ones. By a merciful dispensation these have been provided with red numbers, very suitably, and so now the police have something definite to look out for. This is a piece of cunning on the part of the Local Government Board, for which we shall, I think, be more duly thankful as the years roll by. C. G. Matson.

Mr Potter, Treasure Seeker.

Mr Potter decides to augment his income by joining in the search for the hidden dise and spends a considerable amount of his employer's time in studying the clues

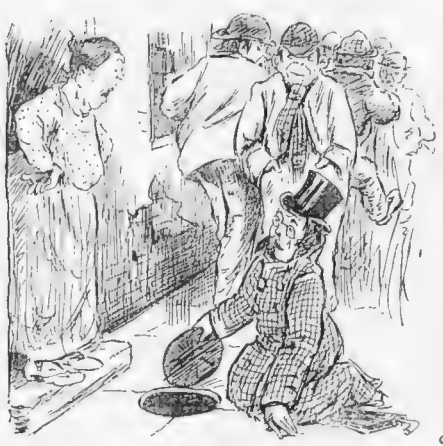
Having heard of the possible dangers attaching to successful seeking, he engages a body-guard of athletes

"If this 'ere treasure's to be found, gurnor" they say "we'll be on the spot"

They call on Saturday afternoon, and although Mr Potter keeps them waiting in the hall, they do not complain of loss of time.

As Mr Potter, at the head of the procession, sallies forth on his quest, he is mistaken by sympathetic onlookers for a social reformer

The procession is augmented by the curious from time to time



The search is sometimes regarded with disfavor by occupiers of adjacent property.

Trying another clue he invades a private garden (with a short delay at the fence).

While examining the joints of some brick-work, his ardour is somewhat damped by the contents of a foot-bath

His exit from the garden would have been quicker but for the clinging nature of the bull-dog

Still undaunted, he follows the scent and comes upon a party of searchers who have evidently been keener than himself

Strangely enough, he finds the disc. An indiscreet shout of triumph calls attention to his success. There is a scrimmage for possession of the treasure as he had anticipated. Now is the time for his body-guard of athletes. True to their engagement, they are on the spot.

And afterwards adjourn to quieter quarters the better to discuss the result of their industry

While the unfortunate Mr Potter, with others, finds himself in the grim clutches of the law on the charge of being disorderly and damaging public property. Mr Potter will in future, he says, leave others to search for Hidden Treasure

At the Criterion and the Haymarket

"The Duke of Killicrankie"

Captain Robert Marshall, fortunately for the after-dinner theatre-going public, does not take himself too seriously. He has, also, an engaging personality, which expresses itself in his work, an agreeable facility for postprandial witticisms of the rather "prepared" impromptu kind, a considerable sense of theatrical effectiveness, and a real sense of fun in the invention of his story and in the proportion and conduct of it. It is not, perhaps, possible to assign to him a very high place as an artist, not only that he does not take himself seriously, but that he does not reach a very high artistic level even in irresponsible humour. But what he writes is so good-tempered and pleasant, so agreeable, so studiously lacking in dulness, and so much the kind of thing that "nice people" not too much troubled with intelligence would enjoy after repletion at the Carlton, that it thoroughly deserves its success. There was a time, indeed, when it seemed that Captain Marshall was aiming rather higher than being merely pleasant to average people. The admirable satire on the pomp of Court life in *A Royal Family*, and on the pretensions of officialdom in *The Noble Lord*, can, however, scarcely be traced in his later work. He is now satisfied with being pleasant—either pleasantly melodramatic or pleasantly comic.

Of the two, his pleasantly comic manner is by far the most engaging, although both are popular And it is in this comic manner that *The Duke of Killicrankie*, his latest play at the Criterion, is written. It is a very agreeable entertainment indeed. Its story—a little thin in itself, but very cleverly and effectively manipulated—is concerned with an eccentric young peer, who kidnaps the lady he wants to marry and carries her off (having been careful to provide a chaperon) to the fastnesses of his Scotch castle. And when the lady has sufficiently chafed under this restraint to consider him an absolutely impossible and intolerable person, he suddenly veers round, opens wide the gates, tells her that he has made a mistake, that he does not love her, and that she is free to go, and is naturally (on the stage) met with complete surrender There is also a Mr. Pitt-Welby, a pusillanimous M.P., who presses his attentions on the chaperon, the widow of a gentleman who is referred to as the "Glue King." The little piece, which is full of brightly written lines—lines which greatly tickled the audience at the first performance—is capitally acted by the four principal performers. Mr. Graham Browne is the Duke, youthful, spirited, charming; Miss Eva Moore is the young lady, prettily petulant; Miss Marie Illington brings all her admirable resource to the support of the play as Mrs. Mulholland, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, as can well be imagined, is inimitable as the legislator of doubtful courage

"Joseph Entangled"

There was a time when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's ambitions seemed to be limited by popularity. First, it was a mere popular melodrama, later, it expressed itself in a persistent imitation of the last new thing which had won popular approval. But in his later plays Mr. Jones has been working out a comedy manner, and he has now got it to such perfection that if he could only devise a plot with a genuine comedy idea he would give us an artistically really valuable piece of work. He did give us one such work in *The Liars;* but, unfortunately, since then he has contented himself with ingenious, but not very satisfying, variations upon the same plot. It is so with his latest play, *Joseph Entangled*. The story concerns a lady who unwittingly puts herself in a position which prompts gossips to say the worst of her, and, as in *The Liars*, in *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, in *The Princess's Nose*, and in *Whitewashing Julia*, the satiric intention of the author is directed at the avidity of the world to believe the worst, at the shallow limitations which make it regard the worst merely from a visiting-list standpoint, and at the impotence of men or women of honour or integrity in the midst of such a tattling whirlpool. He touches in the satire admirably, with great delicacy, real observation of character (and with what is, perhaps, more important still, from the point of view of the writer of comedy), with a real understanding of manners and their emptiness. But the tenuity of his central comic idea leads him sometimes to resort to melodramatic expedients which, unfortunately, destroy the key of comedy in which, for the most part with admirable artistic conscientiousness, he keeps his work.

The "Joseph" of the title is the former admirer of Lady Verona Mayne. He happens to have lost his luggage at Victoria one night, and asks the butler at Mr. Hardolph Mayne's town house, which is shut up during the dead season, to let him have a bed there for the night. Neither he nor the butler knows that Lady Verona has come up the same evening from the country, is also staying the night in the house, and has told the housekeeper to say nothing about it, as the object of her visit is to save her sister from an indiscretion. Of course, Sir Joseph and Lady Verona meet at breakfast. Gossips come in. Gossips talk. There is a furious husband demanding explanations, and, finally, a rather tame conclusion, which is arrived at by the husband being concealed behind a screen while Sir Joseph and Lady Verona have an interview, and thus becoming convinced of their innocence. The piece is capitally acted by Mr. Cyril Maude as Sir Joseph, by Miss Ellis Jeffreys as Lady Verona, and by Mr. Herbert Waring as Mr. Mayne. Mr. Frederick Volpé and Mrs. Charles Calvert, admirable artists both, were very amusing as a stage butler and his wife. P. C.

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Maudie Darrell

A clever young actress who gained her chance when the name part in "The Girl from Kay's" fell vacant. Miss Darrell played the *rôle* with marked success until the termination of the run of the piece at the Comedy Theatre

"IN THE WINGS"

When a successor is wanted to *The School Girl* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, which, it is anticipated, will be some time after Easter, it will be found in a new musical comedy which has been written by Mr. Paul Rubens and composed by Mr. Howard Talbot.

Photo by *L. Caswall Smith*

Miss Maidie Andrews

The clever and delightful little girl who plays "Alice" in "Alice Through the Looking Glass" at the New Theatre

When *The Love Birds*, by Messrs. Grossmith and Raymond Roze, is produced at the reconstructed and redecorated Savoy on the 6th of February, it will probably be found that the piece is a musical comedy with some opportunity for non-musical performers. Judging by the cast, the musical and non-musical talent appears to be pretty evenly divided. Miss Kate Cutler and Miss Blanche Ring among the ladies, and Mr. Mervyn Dene among the men, are singers, and Mr. G. Fuller Golden, the American humorist, who has been seen at the Palace Theatre, Mr. Fred Leslie (the son of the old Gaiety favourite, and an amateur actor of some versatility and experience, who will be making his first appearance on the professional stage) can probably account for comic songs, as well as Mr. Lawrence Grossmith. But Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Denis Eadie, and Mr. Sydney Brough one would more naturally associate with comedy without music. The juxtaposition of the names of Mr. Sydney Brough and Mr. Fred Leslie, jun., by the way, is not uninteresting, from the point of view of the theatrical chronicler, as it will be remembered that Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Fred Leslie were more than once associated in very successful productions in times past.

Theatrical enthusiasts who would like to send a telegram to the Opera House, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., may be reminded that Sir Henry Irving will be at that address on February 6, which day will be the anniversary of his birthday.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude have purchased for the Haymarket Theatre the English rights of *Citoyenne Cotillon*, MM. Henri Cain and Ernest Daudet's comedy, which has recently been produced by Madame Jeanne Granier. They have also commissioned Madame de Gresac, part author of *The Marriage of Kitty*, to write a comedy for them, in collaboration with Mr. Charles Brookfield.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in spite of the great success of M. Sardou's play, *La Sorcière*, at her Paris theatre, is, as usual, full of new enterprises. Her latest announced scheme is to produce a special classical revival to be given during Holy Week. The piece which she has chosen is Racine's *Esther*, and it is proposed to reproduce the play as nearly as possible as it was given at its original performance, in 1689, at the Maison de St. Cyr, before Louis XIV, Madame de Maintenon, Bossuet, and the whole Court. The piece was actually written by Racine for performance by the young ladies of St. Cyr, who themselves filled all the parts in it, including those of King Ahasuerus, Haman, Mordecai, and the officers of the guard. Madame Sarah Bernhardt intends to give her revival of the play on the same lines. The parts will be taken by young ladies, and fifty of them will sing the chorus, for which special music has been written by M. Reynaldo Hahn.

Three Portraits of MISS MIGNON TREMAINE

Photos by *Campbell*

Who recently appeared at the London Pavilion with Great Success

The Connoisseur.

Empire Furniture

Effect of the "Spirit of Empire"

When the ashes of the great Revolution had been swept away, it was discovered, among many other more surprising features, that a new style of furniture had grown up in France. The faint classicism of Marie Antoinette had become a strong reproduction of ancient forms. The "spirit of empire" was abroad, and the directors of the Government were determined, by every means, to bring their people—

> . . . . . home
> To the glory that was Greece,
> To the grandeur that was Rome.

Although as regards furniture, among other things, the ideal was not captured, and the best designs of that period were far from reproducing the great simplicity of antiquity, yet an effect was obtained, and, undoubtedly, a style created.

Adapted Classicism

Greek art, Roman styles, and the vast primal stores of Egypt, were all drawn upon to provide the motif for this new departure. Napoleon himself favoured Roman things in externals, but his victories in Syria and in Egypt affected the style of furniture which now filled his palaces and became the mode with all good servants of the First Consul and then of the Emperor. Such a cabinet as

An Empire Secretaire, upon which rest two Porcelain Vases with Pastoral Scenes Painted in Panels

An Old Empire Console Table, upon which is an Empire Clock and a Pair of Chased Metal Gilt Candelabra

An Old Empire Writing Table, with Candelabra of the same Period

An Old Empire Regulator Clock, in Mahogany, with Ormolu Mounted Case, goes Six Weeks with One Winding

An Empire Mahogany Card Table, Ormolu Mounted. The Vases are also of the Empire Period

that—familiar to most readers, no doubt—made for Marie Louise, on her marriage, in 1810, may be taken to be the last word in this style. The wood in most of this furniture is rich mahogany, which makes an excellent background for the sometimes too lavish bronze and gilt mounts of classical form which decorated the surfaces of all these pieces. After 1792, Liberty was supposed to be established in France, and one of the ironic signs of her presence was the rigid and classic severity introduced by David into the furniture of the modern Cæsar.

Freedom and Severity

The old gaiety and romance, the prettiness of marquetry and Boule, the philanderings with ribbons and rosettes—all these were put away for ever, as it was supposed, really, of course, only until the whirligig of Time brought in his revenges. There is no doubt, however, that the philosophic and political movement of the day originated the last of the French styles, for *l'art nouveau*, as it at present reigns, is too extravagant and eccentric to admit of the homogeneity necessary to form a style. Though greatly abused by many a true artist, the splendid workmanship and the reticence and balance of the best furniture of the Napoleonic period make it widely admired by the connoisseur. Some ten years ago one of the most successful collectors of the French neo-classic style was the late Mr. Daly, of theatrical fame, and in England too, many amateurs hunt high and low for specimens of the genuine manufacture, such as the settee of our illustration. This piece, like those in our other pictures, is now in the galleries of Messrs. Hampton, of Pall Mall East, who have been particularly fortunate of late in their discovery of old Empire examples.

An Old Empire Settee. The Arms are Supported by Carved Sphinxes, partly Gilt

Comfortable and Dignified

It will be seen that such a settee is at once comfortable and dignified, strong but decorated; the arms are supported by carved sphinxes partly gilt, and the ends are ornamented in the then fashionable style with carved and gilt scroll enrichments. Even more characteristic of what has been satirically called the "cultivated Court of the Empress Josephine," is the full-front secretaire of mahogany mounted with finely chased ormolu designs. These decorations strike the note of the period; the head of a helmeted warrior, cut sharply as a cameo, and the full figure of Fame with her crown of bays for the heroic deeds of the resplendent day of Cæsarism and crime. The console table, on shaped trusş supports, intended for a mirror at back, with the clock of classic design, the gilt candelabra supported by female figures, and the porcelain vases with painted panels on richly gilt ground form, together, an admirable group of typical examples of a period which, although greatly copied and debased, has never lacked a certain classic charm, and the effect of solidity. But the connoisseur must be wary when getting examples. Mr. Litchfield, in his interesting 'History of Furniture," tells us that:—

In order to supply a demand, which has lately arisen, chiefly in New York, but also, to some extent, in England, for the best "Empire" furniture, the French have bought up some of the old undecorated pieces, and, by ornamenting them with gilt bronze mounts, cast from good old patterns, have sold them as original examples of the *meubles de luxe* of the period.

A Style which easily lends itself to Fraud.

This semi-fraud is only one of many that French furniture, especially the carved and gilded chairs of pre-Empire days, lends itself to with ease. But the good reproduction of an Empire piece may well be almost as interesting as the original, for the character of the Napoleonic furniture is not such as will be greatly improved or altered by time. Take, for example, the following group. The tall mahogany regulator clock, with ormolu mounts, is too severe and simple for the passage of the years to do more than season the already seasoned wood and mellow the colour of the surface. The writing table, too, is much the same to-day as yesterday, except that the fittings of the three drawers and the leather bound letter cases show the workmanship of another era of cabinet work than ours. The card tables of the Empire are frequently reproduced to supply the demand for a suitable table for bridge. The bronze "Atlas" clock, the candelabra with winged figures of boys standing on spheres, and the chased vases are so entirely classic in form that they are all excellently suited to the Empire furniture, which, to our mind, finds its most considerable *raison d'être* in the fact that it forms a sound background for Greek and Roman ornament. E. M.

The Menu

Leg of Mutton à la Napolitaine

A leg of mutton, prepared in the following way, will not only lose a great deal of the prosaic aspect, which it always bears when roasted, but, in addition, will gain a new virtue since it can be cut into slices upon the following day, warmed up in its own sauce, and with a spoonful of curry powder added to it, will present an entirely fresh front to the world:

Trim the superfluous fat from a leg or shoulder of mutton, place it in a braising pan, with an onion, a carrot, a turnip, a *bouquet garni*, and 2 oz. clarified fat. Fry till it assumes a bright brown colour all over. Then moisten it with sufficient stock or water to cover. Let it simmer gently from two-and-a-half to three hours. When it is throughly cooked, put it on a hot dish in the oven for ten minutes, cut up the carrots, turnips, etc., and use them as garnish, pour over and round it some Napolitaine sauce, and serve immediately. Beef may also be cooked in this manner, and it will be found that meat of any kind "loses" less by braising than by either roasting or boiling.

SAUCE NAPOLITAINE.

Cut ten large onions into thin slices, dust with pepper, and put aside on a plate. Place an ounce of fresh butter in a clean stewpan and as soon as it boils, add the onions and fry till a light brown colour; drain free from grease, add about half a pint of good brown sauce, a teaspoonful of red currant jelly, a little grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to taste; make very hot and pour round the leg of mutton. Half a glass of port wine is a great improvement to this sauce.

Here is a very appetising savoury which is sure to be approved of:

Take three anchovies, washed and pounded with a small piece of ham and chicken. Make a very good curry sauce and mix all together. Stir over the fire until nearly boiling. Fry small rounds of bread and spread the mixture on them. Serve hot with a little grated cheese (mixed with butter) on the top. Heat for five minutes before sending to table. EMILIA.

MATTERS MUSICAL

Æolian Hall

London's new concert hall in Bond Street (which I hope to deal with soon in a special article) was opened, on the 19th ult., with a pianola concert, the artists who also took part being Miss Parkina, M. Johannes Wolff, and Mr. Ffrangçon Davies. Chatting with one of these distinguished artists afterwards, and discussing the possibility of the pianola being the future Henry Bird of the concert-room, I asked what it felt like to be accompanied by the instrument. "Well, it was a most novel experience," was the reply, "and one which I thought was not going to be so easy as it looked ; but I had no difficulty once I explained what I wanted."

A New Singer

There is assuredly a great future before Mr. Charles Clark, an American baritone, who made a *début* at Æolian Hall two days after it was opened. Mr. Clark has a voice of great power and beauty, and he can sing with true dramatic intensity and feeling. I noticed, too, in this artist's voice, that rare *timbre* in the upper notes which is difficult to describe, but which possesses a great emotional effect. That Mr. Clark is a thorough artist, his renderings of Schubert's "Aufenthalt" and Schumann's "Der Frühlingsnacht" and "Der Husar" left no manner of doubt. In a group of modern French songs, the singer showed his command of the lighter vein, and displayed a *mezza voce* of great charm and delicacy. A final group of songs, which included Cornelius's beautiful "Monotone," closed a programme which delighted an enthusiastic audience.

The Elgar Festival

Details of the three days' festival, on March 14, 15, 16, at Covent Garden are now announced. On the first evening *Gerontius* will be given, for the second evening *The Apostles* is down, whilst the third concert is to be given up to the "new orchestral work," *Sea Pictures*, and one or two smaller works. There seems to be still some mystery about the new work. Is it symphony or not? Inquiries in well-informed quarters have failed to satisfy me so far. The soloists (alphabetically arranged, as the circular gravely states) are Mesdames Clara Butt, Kirkby Lunn, and Agnes Nicholls, with Messieurs Andrew Black, John Coates, Ffrangçon-Davies, and Kennerley Rumford. I see that already there is a complaint as to the prices to be charged. I suppose, however, that the management see their way to getting these prices, and if that is so, no one can blame them. Personally, I do not think that the best seats are too expensive, but perhaps a few more of the cheaper seats—say some three or four-shilling seats—would have been rather welcome to the public. But the enormous expense of bringing an entire orchestra and chorus from Manchester and keeping them for three days in London, has to be borne in mind. We should be able to get our Elgar much cheaper if only we had a chorus in the Metropolis who could sing his music.

A Coming Prima Donna

Miss Elizabeth Parkina, whose portrait we give this week, is a singer who evidently has a future before her. Possessed of a soprano voice of splendid quality and exceptional compass, with a remarkable clarity and freshness in its upper range, Miss Parkina has risen to fame quite suddenly. It was only last October that, as an unknown singer, she made a first appearance in London at a Promenade Concert, when her rendering of the "Bell Song," from Delibes's "Lakoné," aroused great enthusiasm. Now she is engaged to appear in Grand Opera during the coming season, and also at the Philharmonic Concerts. Miss Parkina is an American, hailing from Kansas City, and has studied with Marchesi, in Paris. Madame Melba is greatly interested in the young artist, and procured for her introductions to influential people on her arrival here.

H. J. C.

Miss Elizabeth Parkina
Who is to appear in Grand Opera during the coming season

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Miss Hilda Sant, One of our Best-known Lady Golfers

Wherever a ball is driven from the tee Miss Hilda Sant is well known. Many are her successes and numberless her friends, her kindly, genial disposition endearing her to all. Like most clever players she owes but little to tuition, for the first-class golfer is, like the poet, born and not made. With the trained eye natural to the child of a great artist, she acquired the requisite knowledge from watching others at work on the links—from spectator developing into participant. From the initial stages to the goal she now has reached her progress was uninterrupted. Ben Sayers himself was satisfied with her swing, and—yet more desirable excellence—in the short game she is without reproach; both as a putter and when approaching, she knows no fear and bungles no stroke. O, happy fair, great is the measure of our envy! At North Berwick—her favourite links, described by her as the ideal lady's links—she has obtained high honours, winning the gold medal and other prizes too innumerable to mention in this short notice of a successful ten years' career.

A Favourite Resort of Mr. Balfour's

Miss Sant often spends the summer holidays in this pleasant golfer's resort so beloved of Mr. Balfour, and, fascinated by the excellencies of the course, so suited to women's play, pursues with characteristic vigour her favourite game. Out of seventy matches played there last summer she won no less than fifty-two, halved six, and lost twelve—a

Photo by *I. Marks*

Miss Hilda Sant

The Gold Medallist of the North Berwick Golf Club

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught's Hockey Team, which recently beat Miss de Burgh's Team by 4 Goals to 3

Among the group are: The Duke and Duchess of Connaught (the Duchess is in the centre of the group), Princesses Margaret and Patricia, Mrs. Gerald Guinness, Miss Muriel Poë, Miss N. Fitzgerald, Miss Poyse; Messrs. Selby, Cuppeng, Fox, and Vernon

fine record. For Middlesex, too, she has done well. In 1902 she won ten out of eleven games, halving the other; and in 1903 she gained five out of eight. Last year she was chosen to represent Scotland in the International match at Ranelagh, the team consisting of two ex-champions (Mrs. Towne and Miss Graham), two bronze medallists (Mrs. Mungo Park and Miss Sybil Whigham), the remainder being mere scratch players, one of whom (Miss Glover) has since secured champion honours. Amidst this galaxy of stars, Miss Sant was verily a shining light, coming in first with Mrs. Mungo Park, on the second day, with 83. The winner of the cup was, however, Ireland, who gained the prize with 687, England being second with 688, and Scotland third with 689. Perhaps this year the last may reverse the order of things and come in first; for golf is a fearful and wonderful game, with regulations not a few; had not Mrs. Mungo Park transgressed —of course unknowingly —one of the many, and thereby lost a hole, Scotland would have tied with Ireland, and the ultimate result who can venture to adjudge?

The South v. Midlands Hockey Match

To-day (February 3) there takes place, at Surbiton, the most interesting, because the most keenly contested of the territorial matches, viz., the South v. Midlands. The South team have, up till now, always proved the strongest of the four territories, and the fact that both of their matches this week are played in their own territory is also greatly to their advantage. At the same time, if the Midlands can place their best eleven in the field, they ought to be strong enough to ensure a very close match.

Photo by *Mason and Basebe*

Miss C. J. Gaskell
The new Captain of the Midland Hockey Team

The Midland Captain

The Midland captain for this year is Miss C. J. Gaskell, whose photo appears on this page. It will be remembered how brilliantly Miss Gaskell, as centre forward, scored for her team on the occasion of their last match, when they so successfully defeated the North, and the distinct improvement in the team is greatly due to her efforts. It is the first year she has played for her territory, but the duties of captain are by no means new to her. She has captained the Cambridge County team since its formation a year ago, and, for the last two years, both the Newnham College eleven and the combined University team. Centre forward is her favourite position in the field, and as centre forward she has played for Newnham since first she entered the College, nearly four years ago. How successfully she has fulfilled her part whilst holding this, the most important position on the field, is manifested by the fact that, during all that time, the College Eleven have suffered but one defeat. Under her guidance the Cambridge County team is also coming rapidly to the front They have beaten both Leicestershire and Staffordshire, and though defeated by Warwickshire, their team on that occasion was by no means a representative one. Miss Gaskell, in common with many other noted lady hockey players, including the Northern centre forw rd, commenced her hockey at Roedean School, and whilst there learnt how to play in every line in the field, even to goal, a training which is most valuable for a future captain.

The North v. South Match

On Friday next, February 5, the North v. South match takes place at Liverpool, the result of which, this year, seems to be a foregone conclusion, unless the North have materially altered their team. And how are they to accomplish this? for the number of players willing to offer themselves for selection is surprisingly few. It is strange, though it is true, that the game of hockey is not nearly so popular amongst the ladies in the North as it is in the South, and when it comes to a question of going on tour either with county or territory, it appears difficult to be able to get together an eleven of any sort, either good, bad, or indifferent.

Forthcoming International Matches

When Lancashire went on tour they were forced to take seven substitutes. Northumberland, who expect to play Yorks, Lancashire and Cheshire away from home next week, are experiencing the greatest difficulty in getting a team to go; and this, together with the poor list of reserves available for the North, proves what a lack of enterprise there exists in the North of England among so many of the fair exponents of the game. The following are the international fixtures which are now drawing near:

Scotland *v.* Wales, at Newport, February 26.
England *v.* Scotland, near London, February 29.
Ireland *v.* Wales, in Dublin, March 1.
England *v.* Ireland, in Dublin, March 10.

A loose cloak of zibeline trimmed with tails of same. The dress is of black tulle trimmed with spangles and flounces of wide Bruges lace at the bottom

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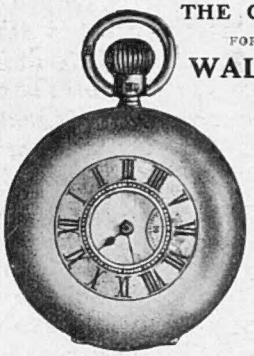

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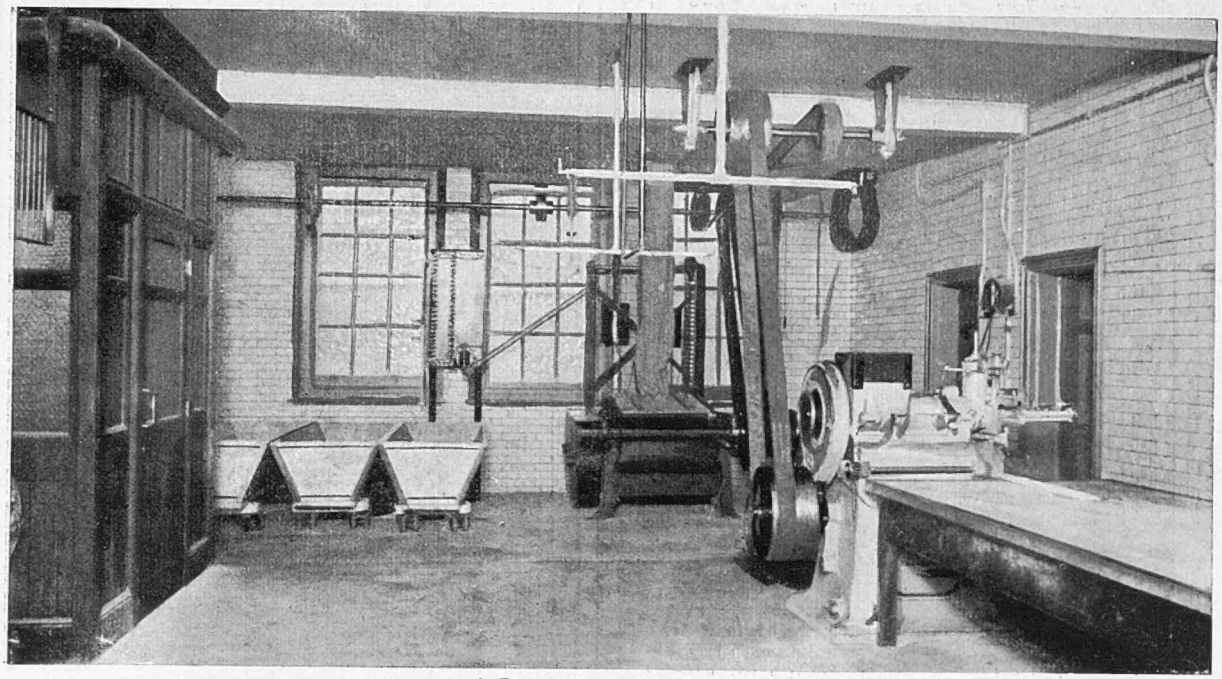
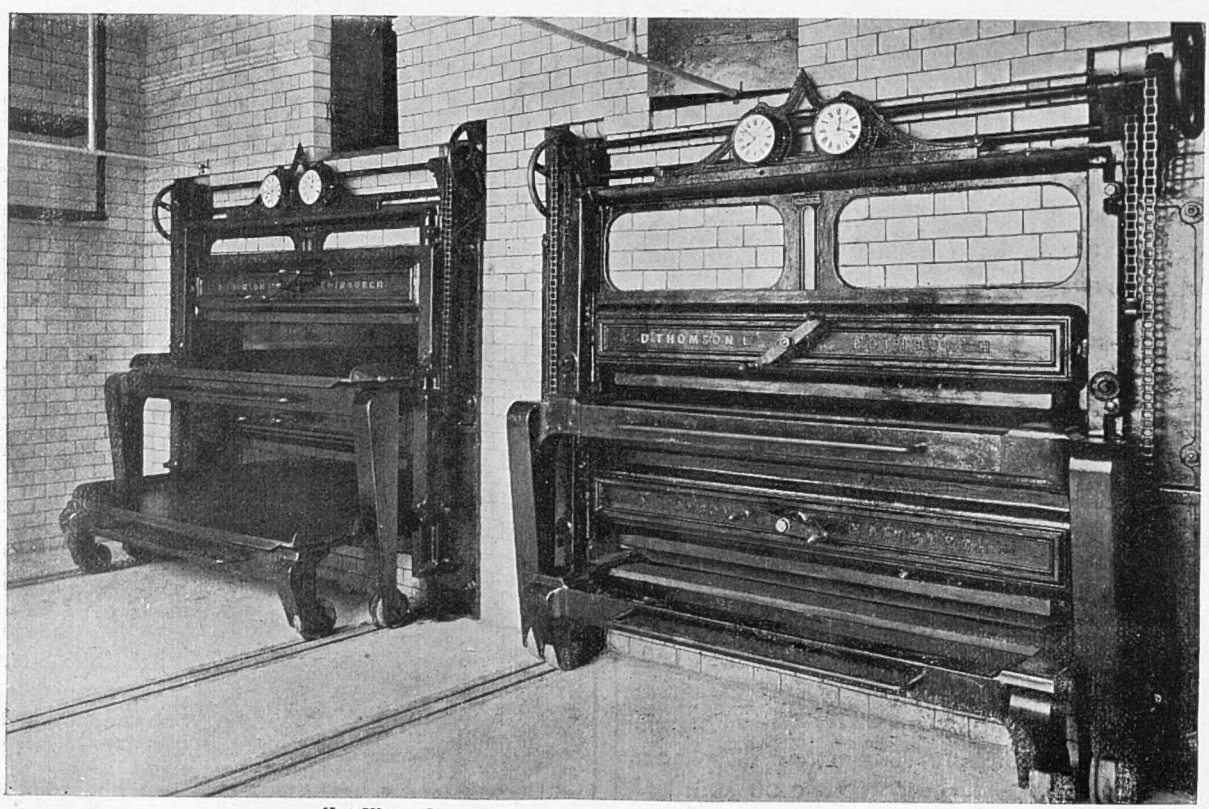
BREADMAKING BY ELECTRICITY.



A General View of the Bakery

The kneading trough is shown here; after completing the operation of kneading, the dough is transferred (by the machinery) to another machine, which weighs and moulds it: throughout it is untouched by hand.

The Fiscal politicians and the Free Fooders must fight out the question as to whether our bread shall be cheaper or dearer. Bread, as the most important item of diet, necessitates perfect sanitation and spotless cleanliness in the bakehouse. In recent years this has been recognised, with the result that bakeries are now run on hygienic principles to which our parents were strangers. Our photographs are the outcome of a recent visit to a bakery built and carried on under these scientific principles—that of Messrs. W. Hill and Son, of Bishopsgate Street Within. In one illustration can be seen the latest style of hot-water oven, with its movable floor, which, when filled with loaves, is run back again, to issue, finally, covered with loaves of crusty, sweet-smelling bread. The kneading, which in the old days was an exhausting labour performed by so many brawny-armed "punchers," is now performed by an electrical machine in ten minutes.



Hot Water Ovens which are the Special Feature of this Bakery

These ovens have a movable bottom, which, when filled with loaves is run back again into the recess heated for baking.

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A. CONAN DOYLE

W. W. JACOBS

There is no doubt as to who is the most humorous writer of the day. Mr. W. W. Jacobs has, by common assent, been acknowledged to hold that position, and his present serial excels all his previous efforts. "Dialstone Lane" will be found to appeal to every taste and the every-day doings in the lane of that name are the cause of much mirth amongst the readers of the "Strand Magazine." It is said that laughter is the best Doctor—buy the February issue and be healthy! Sixpence is not an exorbitant fee for a specialist.

W. W. JACOBS

SHERLOCK HOLMES:

"The Adventures of the Priory School,"

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE FORBIDDEN CITY

This article is the first account that has been written by a visitor to the forbidden city of Lhassa since 1845. It has been translated and edited for the "Strand Magazine" by permission of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society.

OF LHASSA.

DIALSTONE LANE,

More of this humorous serial,

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

HUNTING IN IRELAND

Irish hunting women took great interest in the Meath Hunt Ball, which took place in the Court House, Trim, and was most successful, chiefly owing to the efforts of Mrs. Harry Fowler, Captain Fowler, and Mr. Caldwell, all of whom worked splendidly for it. Mrs. Naper, Miss "Madge" Brooke, Miss Preston (Lord Gormanston's daughter), Miss Gladys Midge, and Lady Blanche Conyngham were the principal beauties present. Next day the hounds met at Dunsany Castle, but it was a disappointing day for the huge field that attended, as they had nearly all gone home before we got a nice hunting run of forty minutes from Mr. Fox's covert of Gaultrim into Dunsany, where hounds were whipped off, owing to darkness. There was an immense number of ladies out that day. Snow lay too deep for hunting; but on Monday Captain Fowler's various coverts provided a very good day's sport, ending with forty minutes' run from Moneymore to Rattenston Hall door, where they killed a great dog fox. All the schoolboys of the district were out on their ponies. On Thursday the Meath Hounds did a tremendous lot of hunting, chiefly in the Robertstown and Moynalty country. The first was found in the rushy bottoms just outside Farenalcock Cover, and after a fast but very twisting hunt, in which he described a complete figure of eight, was killed in the *same* covert. Going was very heavy, and several boggy fences were encountered; consequently, grief was abundant. Mrs. Holford got a nasty fall in a wet ditch, but did not seem any the worse for a ducking. We had a nice hunt from Shere Bog, and another from Cruisetown. The Westmeath Hounds are doing well, and I hear that Mr. Whitworth is turning them out splendidly, and that the whips and huntsman are beautifully mounted, and also that Mr. Hyam, the huntsman (he was the brother-in-law of Mr. Charters, the late master), is showing extremely good sport.

Our Supplement.

The Supplement this week, the fifth of our Phil May series, is of Lord Halsbury, the Lord High Chancellor, as everybody knows him, but as only Phil May the inimitable could depict him. The features, every lineament true to life, are lit up with that shrewd, self-satisfied smile which, perhaps, is the key, not only to his lordship's success, but to his longevity. Lord Halsbury's life has been a busy one, and at his present advanced age of seventy-eight, besides his seat upon the Woolsack, he fills many other important positions.

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